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The ARYAN PATH

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CONTENTS

BECOME THAT WHICH THOU ART (EDITORIAL) 193

THE PLAYS OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE—II—*By D. V. K. Raghavacharyulu* 197

THE ARYAN LIGHT—*By John Garway* 203

BROTHERHOOD (POEM)—*By Herbert Bluen* 209

CLAUDE HOUGHTON AND THE NOVEL OF QUEST—*By Sylva Norman* 210

HAVING AND BEING—*By G. Srinivasan* 215

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CARLYLE AS REVEALED IN "SARTOR RESARTUS"—*By Surendra Nath Agnihotri* 219

NEW BOOKS AND OLD—

"THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE"—*By Arthur W. Saunders* 225

REVIEWS—*By C. B., R. F. Rattray, Kenneth Walker, Ernest V. Hayes, Sister Vajira, Sudhin Ghose, F. Seymour Smith, Margaret Tims, K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, R. H. Ward, Dilip Kumar Sen, K. Krishnamoorthy, S. K. Jhaveri, Marcus Ward and Irene R. Ray* 226

INSIGHT (POEM)—*By Ramachaitanya* 236

A LETTER FROM LONDON—*By Sunder Kabadi* 237

ENDS AND SAYINGS 239

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THE ARYAN PATH

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXII MAY 1961 No. 5

BECOME THAT WHICH THOU ART

[WE reprint this Editorial from THE ARYAN PATH for February 1933.—ED.]

THE ONENESS of the soul with the Self is already a fact, and not a thing that requires a further effort to bring it about; therefore the recognition of the truth of the text "That thou Art" is sufficient to put an end to the personality of the soul, in the same way as the recognition of the piece of rope is sufficient to abolish the snake that fictitiously represents itself in place of the piece of rope. No sooner is the personality of the soul denied than the whole empirical habitual order of life disappears with it, to make up which the lower and plural manifestation of the self falsely presents itself.

THUS SHANKARA, the great sage of India presents in a veritable nutshell the kernel of his teachings. It contains not only a theory but also a practice to be daily carried out. Just as for the good health of the body physical exercise is necessary, so for the health of the man himself daily regular discipline is equally necessary. The theory, its practice and the result accruing, are all contained in the above-quoted terse exposition. To understand it better we should analyze it and note the following propositions:—

(a) Spirit and soul are not one, but two; yet an identity subsists between them; though two, they should never be separated.

(b) Soul and personality are two, not one; and the identification of the former with the latter leads to the death of the soul; they should ever be distinguished and separated.

(c) Spirit (That) and soul (thou) are indissolubly linked, and a constant remembrance of the fact will be achieved by the aid of the formula or mantra—That thou Art: *Tat tvam Asi.*

(d) Such daily practice puts an end to the personality—the

persona or mask of the soul; the death of the personality frees the soul and enables it to know itself as the Spirit, as Omnipresent Life.

The early Christian philosophers distinguished between soul and Spirit; in their psychology man was a triad of body, soul and Spirit. Christian theologians materialized the teaching, and the indissoluble link between soul and Spirit was forgotten. In place of the Spirit, omnipresent and therefore within man's heart, an anthropomorphic God without was instituted. From that corrupting influence Christendom is not yet freed. Other theologies have produced a similar corruption in other lands.

Prayer and praise are offered to an extra-cosmic Personal God, who acts cruelly in spite of his love, and who creates chaos and allows wickedness to flourish in spite of his omniscience. Propitiating such an idol, man has become intensely personal, superstitious and cruel. The physical results of psychical beliefs are even less recognized than are the physiological results of psychological opinions on the human corpus and bodily health. The moral weakness engendered by a belief in an anthropomorphic God is great indeed. Even the achievements of materialistic science have not freed the masses from this folly. Human hearts are empty, as churches are empty, of divinity. The efflorescence of such religious beliefs is to be noticed in our civilization which regards the human personality as sacrosanct. The personality has usurped the authority of the soul and in its borrowed robes rules with cunning and craft. The Spirit has become merely a metaphorical expression, applied for the most part to some undefined force which springs from the personality. Personality is considered to be the parent of the soul and Spirit.

Modern habits and thoughts have led men in a direction opposite from that which Shankara recommended. Personality of the soul is not denied, be it noted, while the Spirit behind and within the soul *is* denied. When people use the phrase "self-expression," they mean the creative activity of the personal self—the mask of the soul. People make ropes and call them serpents and either fear them like children or juggle with them like *madaris*.

Man is threefold: (1) animal man, (2) rational man, and (3) divine man. At present the animal man has conquered his rational being to such an extent that the divinity in him has retired into silence and darkness. The rational man must reclaim his lost position; and Shankara teaches that the first act in rational living is for man to deny the place of power to the personality or animal man. We must not,

however, overlook the fact, as some false pietists of bewildered soul in India have done, that the animal man possesses power to create. Even the spiritually dead enjoy all their delights; they have intellectual power and attainments, and can be intensively active. As alcohol exhilarates, so animal-creativeness produces a sense of exaltation, strong though temporary, and thus people are glamoured and mistake the demoniac for the divine.

The soul of our civilization is *kama-manas,* animal-man. Our race has yet to learn that *a high development of the intellectual faculties does not imply spiritual and true life.*

The very act of denial which Shankara advocates, if rationally performed, produces a great change in one's attitude to the whole of life. Mere denial of evil or disease produces its own kind of glamour, as also the absolution pronounced on the penitent by a priest. In the rational denial man finds the light of the Father-Confessor within himself, and if he persists in his task he will soon know himself as one newly born.

What stands in the way of the intelligent modern man taking that rational position? Animal delights; to multitudes of men and women these constitute the highest ideal of human happiness. The tireless pursuit of riches, of the amusements and entertainments of social life; the cultivation of graces of manner, of taste in dress, of social preferment, of scientific distinction, intoxicate and enrapture these dead-alive.

People generally are not afflicted with maleficence; rarely does a man commit wickedness deliberately and of set purpose. For the most part man suffers from the defects of his quality, which shows itself remarkably in the depth of the sense of humour he possesses. Modern philosophers and psycho-physiologists are not agreed about the genesis of the sense of humour or about the manner of its expressions. According to the ancients and in the Esoteric philosophy, man's sense of humour is a constituent of his psychological nature and produces physiological effects. By his thoughts and feelings, by his will-full or will-less actions, each person attracts to himself elementals, which are forces of Nature, personified as gnomes, undines, sylphs and salamanders; these forces manufacture certain "fluids" named humours, one of which disproportionately predominating marks a man as phlegmatic or sanguine or choleric or melancholic. The quantity and quality of these elemental forces are attracted by men unconsciously to themselves, whereas they are servile agents of the trained occultist. Men

and women under the sway of their personal self-centredness are obsessed by these forces which intoxicate them and goad them to chase the shadows of life.

Courage is required in abandoning this broad road of shades for the strait and narrow path of Life. Mortification and sacrifice are needed if a man is to give up his life, so that he may Live.

BEAUTIFUL it is to understand and know that a Thought did never yet die; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future. It is thus that the heroic heart, the seeing eye of the first times, still feels and sees in us of the latest; that the Wise Man stands ever encompassed, and spiritually embraced, by a cloud of witnesses and brothers; and there is a living, literal *Communion of Saints,* wide as the World itself, and as the History of the World.

—THOMAS CARLYLE

THE PLAYS OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[**Dr. D. V. K. Raghavacharyulu, M.A., Ph.D. (Andhra), Ph.D. (Pennsylvania),** who at present teaches in the Department of English, Andhra University, has already contributed often to our pages. We publish below the second of the three parts of his long and thoughtful essay, a special contribution for the centenary of Rabindranath Tagore's birth. The first part appeared in our April issue.—ED.]

II

RABINDRANATH TAGORE wrote more than a dozen plays—perhaps two dozen—not all of them englished, however. Here again, as in the case of his poems, his English versions were often reworkings of their originals. Whereas in translation the plays gain in construction and in the concentration of vision, they lose much in the matter of characterization and in the sheer beauty of language and of the visual and auditory images which evoke the appropriate dramatic mood. Tagore experimented freely with the dramatic form, until in his later mature drama he struck the most adequate imaginative equivalent of his genius. One can classify his drama into three groups, which classification satisfies both chronological and organic considerations. *Malini, Sacrifice* and *King and Queen* form the first group of plays, in which Tagore tried to apply the elements of Western tragedy to Indian materials. These are primarily dramas of conflict. *The Post Office, Chitra, King of the Dark Chamber* and *Red Oleanders* are plays of allegory, and Tagore attempted in them to open up the frontiers of drama so as to allow the passage of symbols to the soul, where they remain no longer fixed but become plastic and free. *Mukta Dhara, Natir Puja* and *Chandalika* bring the whole career of experimentation to a point of culmination by integrating the two levels of dramatic vision—those of the intellect and of experience. It is in these plays that Tagore realizes his ideal of the drama of flux by means of metaphors and symbols of tension which build towards an outstanding dramatic image so that the visionary sensation becomes properly centred around archetypal experience. These last plays may be called the symbolic plays.

King and Queen is a counterstatement on the theme of *Sanyasi*. Once again the dramatic action centres on the conflict between renunciation and commitment, but with a change in the values they denote,

King Vikram withdraws from the world of action not to get away from, but to submerge himself in, love. Queen Sumitra sits upon the peak of greatness where he cannot reach her; and her love, which is tempered by a sense of duty and compassion, appears to him as indifference. The Queen's flight awakes the dormant manhood in Vikram, who, however, turns the newly found sense of power into a desire for revenge; and, lacking any spiritual direction, he becomes but a creator of destruction. Ila, the young lady who is affianced to the Prince whose destruction Vikram seeks, comes begging for the gift of love. Vikram realizes the hopeless wisdom of experience and decides to achieve happiness to make the lovers happy. But even as Ila comes in her bridal radiance to meet her lover at court, his severed head is brought in on a tray as an offering to the god of revenge. Both the pursuer of revenge and the victim obtain an honourable acquittal, because both finally realize an order of love which transcends mere passion. The drama could have been a great tragedy full of irony as it is, but the orgy of emotionality makes it melodramatic.

Malini presents the conflict between religious orthodoxy and Enlightenment, between self-centred faith and the joy of human reciprocity. Princess Malini, the ardent follower of Buddha, is banished by her own father the King, who is advised to do so by adherents of the old faith. But the passionate sincerity of the princess and her love and compassion for the people carry the day, and she is welcomed by the populace as a flaming St. Joan. However, Kshemankar and Supriya, his boyhood friend, are not converted to the new faith, and they continue to resist. Kshemankar goes in search of foreign aid to help his cause and puts Supriya in charge of the local underground movement. In the meanwhile the latter becomes involved in a change of heart, and is drawn into a psychological conflict between the faith of love and the love of faith. When Kshemankar returns with his army, he learns that he has been betrayed by his friend. In the court scene, in which Supriya appears under arrest, an almost clinical analysis is presented of the obligations of friendship, and Supriya promptly accepts the gift of death from Kshemankar. Here again, we find that Tagore's central purpose is clouded, because the plot is riddled with sub-plots which do not contribute to the essential dramatic progression. Consequently, the play ends in a gory ruin unrelieved by any tragic fulfilment. But Tagore shows an advance in characterization and in his understanding of human motivation which provides the ground for tragedy.

Sacrifice, which is a continuation of the theme of *Malini,* is perhaps the closest that Tagore ever came to Western tragedy. It shows a remarkable firmness of plot construction, a concentration of dramatic action and, above all, a masterly handling of characterization. The pale, anæmic figures of *Malini* come to life here. The conflict between a sterile, uncreative faith and a purposeful, compassionate religion is vividly portrayed. The looming figure of the Goddess—at once a symbol of destruction and of renewal, a composite image of Durga and Kali, terrible in her presence and mysterious in her absence—brings out the dramatic feeling with great intensity. The centre of interest is of course Raghupati, who seeks to continue the absolutism of tradition, and is prepared to betray even the Goddess in his fanatical zeal for dogma and personal power. It is the bitter irony of personal tragedy that teaches him the true faith and helps him realize that real sacrifice is not in the spilling of innocent blood, but rather in a lover's giving away his heart to the beloved. By his self-immolation his foster child, Jai Sing, brings Raghupati the true illumination. And, appropriately enough, Raghupati accepts Aparna, the poor waif, as the Mother who has burst her cruel prison of stone and come back to the human heart in her refreshing vastness. For it was to Aparna that Jai Sing had said: "God must be all sacrifice, pouring out his life in all creation."

Tagore now realized that his dramatic problem was not the creation of imitation tragedies, but to get beyond individual lives and deal with Life. The basic realities of his drama demanded the handling of the stuff of life in a dimension other than self-exhausting strife and petulant dissipation of moral energy. And hence he turned to the kind of dynamic drama that could more faithfully present his perception of beauty, the beauty of continuity, of radiance and vision. Thus, in the next group of plays, he began composing allegorical fables whose flexibility of form could easily take in both the lithe charm of everyday life and the mystery of paradigmatic experience.

Chitra is a prismatic dew-drop delicately suspended in a caressing dawn of fantasy. In it Tagore realized the lyric mood of Kalidasa's *Meghadoota,* tempering it with a contemplative maturity revealed in the ancient master's dramatic handling of the dualisms of life and love symbolized in the contrasting, but complementary, *ashrams* in the *Shakuntala.* The god of Love and the god of Spring—Madana and Vasanta—the beautiful and mischievous elves of the bright woods bursting with new life, direct their beauty and mischief to human purpose. Under their auspices, the troubled course of love runs smooth

and the torment of truth burgeons into the splendid promise of renewal. As it is, there need be no conflict between Hindu Dharma and Buddhistic Compassion, for joy and sorrow are movements of the same creative dance of life. Chitra, the tribal princess, has heard of the Prince Charming, the mighty and brave Arjuna, and desires to become the mother of his son and thereby ensure her father's dynasty's continuity. And so, she invokes the mercy of the divine imps, Madana and Vasanta, from whom she obtains the boon of a season's glamour. When Arjuna comes, she dazzles him by her acquired charm and her inward desire for love, maturity and motherhood is consummated. But her butterfly hours of borrowed charm and masked beauty are drawing to a close. She realizes that she committed a mistake when she lured her lover by novelty of falsehood, by the brilliance of illusion. She writhes under spiritual agony, but finally musters enough courage to break off her seductive disguise and present her true self to her lover. "The awful daring of a moment's surrender" releases her from the boon which has become her curse, and Arjuna confirms her fulness both as a dutiful and heroic woman and also as a protective mother to her people. Thanks to the self-knowledge that love has bestowed on her, she is no longer the *ajnata yauvana,* but has grown into a *praudha.*

Chitra is a play built on many levels. It is a drama of youth; it is a drama of growth. One can actually hear the sure but silent flowering of the dryad-girl and her fruition into a sublime order of spiritual beauty. The play also draws successfully the picture of self-consciousness adjusting itself to the ambivalence of illusion and reality. Here again, one is tempted to compare the Indian writer's handling of the conflict between the empirical and real selves within a character with that of a Western writer such as Tennessee Williams. Madame du Blanche in *A Streetcar Named Desire* becomes a neurotic nymphomaniac in order to sustain a mediating, reality-soothing ego-ideal which would keep her oblivious to the real self she loathes. When the image of herself as the mythical paragon of respectability is broken by brute circumstance, she collapses and is packed away to the mental asylum. Her sister, Stella, accepts her empirical self and improvises her defences by sheer naturalistic obstinacy. On the other hand, the kind of adjustment Chitra arrives at in an almost identical situation is different—it is beautifully and satisfyingly different. In the Western play there is spiritual stasis when romantic individualism reaches its climax; there is a final loss of personality when the lies like truth fail to control reality. In the Indian play, the dynamics of beauty and

purpose and fulfilment determine the character's psychic reconciliation of the opposing principles of life. That Tagore was fascinated by the self-consuming tragic rhythm of such a theme is amply borne out by his reversal of the Chitra theme in a later play, *Chandalika.*

The allegorical drama assumes a greater philosophical complexity in *The King of the Dark Chamber, Red Oleanders* and *The Post Office.* These plays are all bound together by Tagore's dramatization of the Unknown and the Invisible. The cosmogony of these stories is contrived by a king who never appears without disguise, and, when he does but once, he demands the final wages of life: death, or its equivalent, the divestiture of selfhood in man. In *The Post Office,* which at once suggests another great classic, Kafka's *The Castle,* the dramatic scale is reduced to childhood, so that the ultimate reality is conveniently filtered through the primary colours of awakening consciousness. The freedom of the child's imagination and the bondage of the adult of illusion interact with each other producing an irony which unifies the action of the play and spans the ritual distance between the two symbols of the Post Office and the Parrot's Isle. The message of beauty and mystery from the far away and the nowhere is eventually routed through the clearing house of the here and now. *The Post Office* is a perfect fairy tale in the sense that one can submit to its pathos and fancy without any disbelief and without raising disturbing questions regarding the play's deeper intent or its proportions of allegory, myth and symbolism. It takes forward its dramatic action structurally to the one question that will always be asked and may never be fully answered: What is there beyond the horizon?

The King of the Dark Chamber is a stylized version of the theme of *The Post Office.* There are two kings and there are two orders of love in the story, each the mirror image of the other. The true King never appears in person, but conducts the governance of the country by proxy. Queen Sudarshana, whose love for the King is the passion of craving, deludes herself into being the victim of mistaken identity. Surangama, her maid, however, follows her lord with unquestioning faith and learns to value God's omnipotence, not because it is amenable to prayer and solicitation, but because it endures pitiless and hard like the rock. Queen Sudarshana's character is drawn with great delicacy and understanding and her fitful moods and shifting moral choices are delineated with psychological insight and spiritual clarity. The Queen hankers after identity and tries to tempt physical law in her favour; she fears the loneliness within herself, a loneliness neverthe-

less observed by the King who never reveals himself in flesh and blood but whose ubiquitous presence is felt everywhere. The King of Kanchi, whose stratagems provide the mainstay of the play's action, is a full-blooded figure, too. He represents the male ego, even as Sudarshana represents the female ego: and it is significant that they meet for the first time just at the close of the play, having learnt the woeful wisdom of humility and treading the common path of diligently working out their salvation. They arrive after a good deal of straying and in surrender they conquer themselves, and in the stark nothingness of impersonality they achieve their final identity.

Red Oleanders is a counterstatement of the theme of *The King of the Dark Chamber*. Here the invisible king is fenced away in an enclosure by the clever people of Yakshapuri, and since he is cut off from reality he turns his prowess into an explosive destructive fury. He is a dweller of the City of the Dead Underground, and he dreads the touch of light. But Nandini, the symbol of the Life Force of physical and spiritual beauty, wearing on her head white and red oleanders, melts his stony heart and starts the liberation of the people who have thus far lived like cretins in the dark, disconsolately. Both of these plays just mentioned appear refreshingly modern, because they deal with the nightmares that have become realities of our times. They are a protest against mechanical conformity, spiritual impoverishment and the betrayal of the human intellect. *The King of the Dark Chamber* brings grace into the focus of faith, while *Red Oleanders* brings hope into the focus of beauty. Both plays employ the festival motif and make functional use of crowds and processions, and are sprinkled liberally with the vermilion and stardust of the poet's fancy. Above all, *absence* is exploited as a structural element in drama—which is fast becoming the stylistic device of Western drama lately, as evidenced by plays such as Samuel Becket's *Waiting for Godot* and Eugène Ionesco's *Chairs*. However, the plays seem to suffer from one defect; the emotional specifics of individual character are swept away by a tidal outburst of metaphysical passion.

D. V. K. RAGHAVACHARYULU

(*To be concluded*)

THE ARYAN LIGHT

[**Mr. John Garway** contributed to our issue of September 1953 an interesting article on "Some Pointers to a Shared Tradition." The following article is on a related theme. Indeed, Mr. Garway became especially interested in the origins and the wisdom of the Aryan race during his seventeen years in India, and considers that a common Aryan wisdom can be traced in the religions and philosophies of many nations. He offers a variety of data and makes suggestive comparisons to show this.—ED.]

WHEN Megasthenes was Greek envoy at the court of Chandragupta, he heard many traditions of Herakles;[1] nor is there cause to doubt them, despite Arrian's slightly cynical scepticism,[2] because his so-called "conquest" corresponds exactly with that of Prester John related by Mandeville.[3] And Prester John's figure is the recognized token of the creed described by Megasthenes. So we will recall that old-time creed, over which the civilized world was once united, and in reality still is — though with unadmitted reservations.

India and Greece depicted Herakles as a man clad in a lion-skin, bearing a club; French heraldry gives the same name to a naked man with a club; while in Britain that figure is forgetfully called a "naked savage," yet supports several distinguished coats of arms. It is also to be seen cut in the turf on chalk downs there, in gigantic size, where it is known as Bel — the "good-fellow," or the good-natured; it is no less than the Deity. The identity is clear from Nonnos' *Dionysiaca*[4]:—

> Starclad Heracles, lord of fire . . . O Helios, long shadowed shepherd of human life . . . Belos on the Euphrates, called Ammon in Libya. . . . Be thou called Sarapis, the cloudless Zeus of Egypt; be thou Cronos . . . or Mithras the Sun of Babylon . . . be thou called the Starclad, since by night starry mantles illuminate the sky. . . .

But this address fails to disclose his real character, which fortunately Lucan the Syrian left on record in the second century A.D.[5]

> The Gauls, in their language, call him [Herakles] Ogmius, and they represent him as a decrepit old man, bald, with a beard extremely grey, and a wrinkled, sun-burnt, swarthy skin. But what

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[1] J. W. McCRINDLE's translation of MEGASTHENES, frag. I: *Ancient India* (1926)
[2] ARRIAN's *Anabasis of Alexander*, A. DE SELINCOURT's translation, Book V.
[3] J. O. HALLIWELL's edition of *Mandeville's Travels*.
[4] W. H. D. ROUSE's translation of NONNOS' *Dionysiaca*, xl. 369–410
[5] Quoted by J. LOGAN, *The Scottish Gael*, II. 388

is most strange is, that he draws after him a multitude of men all tied by the ears, the cords by which he does this being five chains . . . ; and though the men are drawn by such slender bonds, yet none of them think of breaking loose, but cheerfully follow. The right hand being occupied with a club, and the left with a bow, the painter has fixed the chains in a hole in the tip of the God's tongue, who turns about smiling on those he leads.

[A Gaul explains] . . . we attribute it [eloquence] to Hercules. . . . Do not wonder that he is represented as an old man, for speech alone loves to show its vigour in old age. . . . we are of opinion that Hercules . . . conquered mostly by persuasion. We think his arrows were keen reasons, penetrating the souls of men. . . .

Thus it is fairly clear that the ideal betokened by Herakles was Reason, and that he was spoken of metaphorically as "Light," meaning the light of the mind. This is corroborated by Megasthenes' experience of India, *circa* 300 B.C.[6]

> They hold that God is "light," but not such light as we see with the eye, nor such as the sun or fire; but God is with them the Word, by which term they do not mean articulate speech, but the process of Reason.

The usual translation of Herakles, "Hera's glory,"[7] does not seem adequate. More comprehensibly, the final *-klee* is to be compared with the Welsh *lleu* (pronounced roughly *kleu*) meaning "light"; typically in romance, a Lleu was king of Lothian, which even today is denoted heraldically by a sun. There seems justification, therefore, for regarding the *-klee* in Herakles as a pre-Greek word that has survived in Celtic. A similar Welsh word *llew* means "lion"; so their connection in legend is plain, the one allusive to the other. To be more precise, *klees* may be the contraction of *klouees*, the French royal title Clouis, later Louis; it stands for "Light folk," or in its royal aspect, according to Celtic custom, "The Light (folk)" with the accent on "The."[8]

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[6] *Ancient India*, J. W. McCrindle, p. 121. "Process" is literally "discourse," but that was a normal Greek figure of speech for mental reflection. See R. B. Onian's *Origins of European Thought*, Ch. I.

[7] Liddell and Scott, *Greek Lexicon*.

[8] It is of interest that Megasthenes records at Patna the present-day Celtic custom of addressing a chief by the name of his lands: thus Chandragupta was addressed as "Patna" (actually, Pataliputra), and the chief of Taxila as "Taxila," while today in Scotland the Duke of Argyll is "Lochiel," and the chief of the Macdonalds is "Glengarry." This is surely pure Aryan survival?

There remains the prefix "Hera." It is aspirated "Arya," the strain common to the whole Indo-European race. This is dimly traceable through the goddess' city Argos, whose folk were called "Heroes," *i.e.*, (h)Èrouees, Aryan-folk; it was they who made the quest for the Golden Fleece, presumably that of the heavenly Ram, Aries, their tribal emblem. Argos was also city of the Danaids, who are to be identified with the Celtic Danann, who came from Syria. Their tree was the quicken; and so it has come about that in Gaelic *caora* means both "quicken berry" and "sheep" — poetically the people; fruit of the parent stock, or the Aryan flock. In Gaelic, the quicken is the letter "L," which in some other alphabets is "lion"; indeed, the English cursive "£" is derived from the hieratic figure of a lion. The way of the Almighty is inscrutable: sterling enshrines the memory of Herakles!

Thus Herakles was "The Aryan Light," which was Reason; accordingly our next interest lies in determining what the ancient world considered Reason to be.

Much is revealed by the quotation from Nonnos, that Herakles, Zeus, Cronos and Bel were all fundamentally the same; thus we see Greek classical philosophy, nominally stemming from Zeus, as part of that single creed. But Zeus, it will be found, had discarded one of the principles of rational thought, Selflessness; and it was through its neglect, and the intrusion of selfishness, that Greek civilization foundered; so we have cause to look for a better exposition of the Aryan ideal. A curious clue comes from a comic play, written at the height of the classical period, Aristophanes' *The Birds*. In that skit various bird-like figures point out the errors of the time, and plead for a return to the ancient days when they ruled; which they averred would bring "Happiness, plenty, and peace." The term "Birds" calls to mind similar figures in the *Markandeya Purana*; they were wise men preaching Unworldliness as the "sky-way" to happiness, and hence were likened to creatures of the heavens. This takes us to the Celtic West, where significant birds of all kinds are found, including the Crow and the Crane who held a conversation on the coming of Christianity. With these links indicated, we will proceed to compare the Aryan expositions of the right way to happiness with the Christian Sermon on the Mount which was delivered as "the light of the world"[9] and "the Word."[10]

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[9] *St. John*, I. 9 and *Matthew*, V. 14.

[10] *St. John*, I. 14.

THE ARYAN (EIGHT-FOLD) PATH	BHAGAVAD-GITA	SERMON ON THE MOUNT (*Matth.*, V; *Luke*, VI)	PETER, II.i.	UNDERLYING PRINCIPLE
(See Outcome, last column and passage from *Mahabharata*, quoted after this table.)	Path of Perfection: Duty of Realization and faith "goodness in everything"	The unworldly ("poor") in spirit	Faith	I. IDEAL AIMS Unworldliness, the "sky-way" to happiness
Right Understanding	Path of Royal Science: Duty of Knowledge	They that hunger and thirst after right knowledge ("righteousness")	Knowledge	II. KNOWLEDGE
Right Mindfulness — suppression of those influences that hinder pure wisdom	Path of Wisdom: Duty of control of the Mind and Senses	(See below, Wisdom as Justice) The merciful "even as (God) also is merciful"	Godliness	III. WISDOM and Justice
Right Desire — "Charity," *dana, i.e.*, selflessness	Path of Renunciation: Duty of Austerity	The pure in heart "Do good, hoping for nothing again"	"Charity" Greek *agape, i.e.*, selflessness	IV. SELFLESSNESS
Right Speech — "courteous and considerate"	Duty of Forgiveness: "He who is friendly and compassionate to all"	The peacemakers	Brotherly Kindness	V. GOOD WILL
Right Action — "temperance in body and mind"	Path of Discrimination (in Man's threefold nature); Duty of purity and simplicity	They that mourn (their bodily infirmities), for they shall laugh	Temperance	VI. HEALTH AND STRENGTH metaphorically "Youth"
Right Livelihood ("abstain from spending wealth in worldly enjoyment")	Path of Work — Duty of the Vaishyas: agriculture and trade	The meek for they shall inherit prosperity ("the earth")	Virtue	VII. SIMPLE LIVELIHOOD
Right Effort — "he stirs up energy; he grips and forces his mind"	Path of Devotion — Duty of the Kshattriyas military protection	The persecuted (because of their persistence)	Patience	VIII. DETERMINATION and Security
Right Happiness "in which the mind grows calm and sure, dwelling on high," *cf.* the "sky-way to happiness"	"Knowledge is better than blind practice; concentrated thought excels knowledge; better still is renunciation. Contentment follows."	"Ye shall find rest unto your souls"		IX. The Outcome CONTENTMENT

Recognition that the text of the Sermon may not be exact is in Macleod Yearsley's *Story of the Bible,*[11] though he is mistaken in thinking its sayings disconnected. The same is bound to apply to all traditional works handed down by word of mouth; consequently comparison with one another is required to determine their common core. Here, four instances are being compared; and in a fifth column an attempt is made to give single words or phrases as headings for the principles, traced likewise from further examples. The instances quoted do much the same, but, as will be apparent later, there is a good deal of material also in existence to amplify their condensed wording.

The following comments expand some of the principles:

Unworldly Aims: *cf.* the *Dhammapada*: "the poor who is free from all worldly attachments." This is enlarged by *Matthew,* VI: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven. where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal"; but an even fuller version is in the *Mahabharata* (13, 12084): "Before infirmities creep o'er thy flesh . . . lay up the only treasure . . . amass that wealth which thieves cannot remove nor tyrants seize . . . and which never wastes away nor is corrupted."

Wisdom: In an earlier stage of the philosophy this was Justice. and more specifically merciful justice; these eventually became divided into impartial judgment in general (which is wisdom), and good will. "The merciful" retains the earlier form.

Selflessness: The word "charity" is a wrong rendering of the Greek *agape,* which from its corresponding verb and adverb means "contentment"; it apparently has been applied to selflessness as the quality essentially needed for contentment. For its true implication compare the Japanese picture-character *kisha,* that contains the element "self-abandonment."[12] Austerity is not necessarily implied; contrarily, *Luke,* VII. 33-4 advocates otherwise.

Good Will: the original would seem to be in *Matthew,* VII: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"; "The peacemakers" must have had some particular contemporary reference. A still fuller version is in the *Vishnu Purana,* which is best read side by side with the English *Catechism,* and the Egyptian *Instructions of Ptah Hotep,* of 3550 B.C., surely demonstrating a common and very ancient source.

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[11] MacLeod Yearsley's *Story of the Bible* (Thinkers Library), Chs. VII and VIII.

[12] O and E. Vaccari: *Pictorial Chinese-Japanese Characters* (Kegan Paul, 1950), p. 212; *cf.* also pp. 187, 210.

Indian *Vishnu Purana*: DUTIES OF MAN	English *Catechism*: DUTY TOWARDS MY NEIGHBOUR	Egyptian *Instructions*: "IF THOU BE A LEADER"
He who does not vilify another... who does not speak untruth...	To keep my tongue from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering.	Endeavour always to be gracious, that thine own conduct be without defect ...
does not injure others...	to hurt no body by word nor deed...	Cause not fear among men ...
who does not covet another's wife or wealth...	Not to covet nor desire other men's goods...	Beware of the quality of covetousness...
who does not bear ill-feeling towards any...	To bear no malice nor hatred in my heart...	Save thyself from all malice...
who is ever intent upon serving...his spiritual preceptor.	To submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors....	Excellent in hearing, excellent in speaking, is every man that obeyeth what is noble. *He that obeyeth becometh one obeyed.*

Simple Livelihood: "the meek" must also have had some special reference, because the direct idea of simplicity is beautifully enunciated in *Matthew*, VI:—

> Take no thought for ... what ye shall eat, or ... what ye shall put on.... Consider the lilies of the field ... they toil not neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

At the same time the principle of working for an adequate livelihood was a common-sense necessity; so it seems that this passage referred to a society in which three classes were recognized, as in Plato's *Republic* — Philosopher-rulers, Soldier-administrators, Peasant-tradesmen — in which the first two were maintained by the third, but with a bare sustenance only, the honour of public service being considered to need no more addition than that. So close is this to the system of Brahmans-Kshattriyas-Vaisyas, and to the Celtic Druids-Warriors-Peasants, that they cannot but indicate a common tradition.

The whole theme was the Way to Happiness. It ran: Happiness is the sign of a healthy mind in a healthy body. A healthy mind is one ruled by Reason, through which life's conflicts can be reconciled. Reason requires, first, knowledge and, secondly, wisdom to use that knowl-

edge aright; unbiased wisdom postulates a selfless character. Individual happiness cannot be complete unless people around are also happy; hence good will. Health of body must be cultivated; hence temperance in its use; and an adequate livelihood is needed for its material wants, but they should be simple. All of these principles have to be pursued with determination; and the outcome will be Contentment.

Such was the Aryan theme of Reason, the "Light" of understanding. Herakles' figure was the divine Mind in man, portrayed as man's body. This Aryan way of life proves to be the common inheritance of numberless countries from the furthest East of Asia to the extreme West of Europe, whence in both directions it has passed to America. Its aim is shared happiness, the ideal of the Common Weal. Can its wisdom be bettered?

JOHN GARWAY

BROTHERHOOD

There's nothing stands between us but a wall,
A wall of others' making; break it down,
Let understanding like warm sunshine flood
The barriers that separate us both.

Let's mutiny against the drab régime
Of stale convention, steal the warders' keys,
Incarcerate our dull custodians
In those dank cells prepared for you and me.

Break down the wall, that wall so grim and high,
Let laughter seal our bond of brotherhood,
Beneath the surface we are much the same,
Break down the wall and let the sunlight in!

HERBERT BLUEN

CLAUDE HOUGHTON AND THE NOVEL OF QUEST

[**Miss Sylva Norman,** the distinguished novelist and literary critic, has contributed many fine things to THE ARYAN PATH. She examines in this article the late Claude Houghton's "novels of quest"—a quest for genuine humanness, which he sought and revealed in all his subtle presentations of the masks that cover it.—ED.]

TO EACH MAN life presents the same problem: the apprehension of the reality behind the appearance; the eternal behind the temporal; the infinite behind the finite. It may be termed the discovery of God.

Consciously or sub-consciously, we are always seeking and, at each stage of the pilgrimage of life, Truth, for each one of us, is that which encloses our experience.

IN *The Kingdoms of the Spirit* (1924) Claude Houghton thus expressed his deep belief in a unifying apprehension of life beyond our maze of shifting images and illusions. Through faith, vision, imagination and love he traces this pervading spirit with a tranquil simplicity of thought and phrase.

How does it happen, then, that Houghton's name is known — and known extensively in Europe and America — for breathless novels of action and suspense? On the face of it, this might seem a case of dual personality. All who have really *read* his novels, and not been content to hurry through them on the wind of tension, will know that it is nothing of the kind. The novels are built on a strikingly recurrent pattern; too recurrent, say those who have not perceived that the pattern itself is a cunning elaboration on a basic theme. In all his works Houghton pursued a single spiritual conviction; he expressed it through the sharp portrayal of harshly-mortal people, sordid scenes, unblinking realism, contemporary neuroses and trivial surface-habits masking an abyss of jealousies, fears and desperations. These in themselves make up an irresistible story woven with an almost demonic narrative skill. At the same time all is demonstration of a vital thesis — the spiritual truth towards which life should tend. That is why Houghton, as a novelist, seems to me unique.

Let us look at the surface-pattern of a Houghton novel. (Naturally there are variations and exceptions, but I take the mean.) First, in a brief introductory section, comes the Challenge. It relates to a single leading character — who, though leading, may be already dead. Some-

thing about that character evades definition and has to be discovered; so that the challenge becomes, more specifically, a Quest. Secondly, an intricate development-section forms the body of the novel. Here we meet, separately, successively, numbers of new characters, drawn from every social stratum, with no common environment, built-in mentality or manner of living. What they do have in common is a great virility for the reader, due to a heightened awareness, on their own part, of their situation. Most are in some way rebels against mass conformity. They may be rebels in the sense of using wealth and power to impose their own autocracy. They may be artists struggling in poverty rather than yield to deadening employment; they may be crooks whose notions of their rights and property come up against natural law. They may be people trying to escape from their own failures, or hit by some shattering disappointment that has warped their outlook into hostile bitterness. And again, they may be persons freed from the customary inhibitions that hem in the average unstretched mind; such persons, whether family-ridden or poverty-ridden, shine with a limpid light that sets off the surrounding swamps and vortices, and points a path through chaos. (They tend to be women: examples are Gale in *Birthmark* and Lysa in *The Enigma of Conrad Stone.*)

This contrasted, insubordinate assemblage makes for high variety and might fail through spottiness but that the Quest runs through it and picks out the common factor. All these oddities are linked somehow with the shrouded figure; the wonder deepens as the riddle intensifies and begins to crack. Climax after climax brings the tension to its bursting-point; and so we reach the third and final stage, which may be a solution or may leave the problem still unsolved because insoluble. If so, it has been hedged around by comprehensions from the sum of which the reader can stretch out a hand and almost feel the thing impalpable — the thing that will not yield to a material touch.

Now this is where Houghton shows, strategically, the difference of his premises from those of the detective-writer. *He* must preserve (at his peril!) a simple secret of identity, and to do so takes the reader up deliberate false trails. He is playing a parlour-game, and trickery is legitimized. Once the secret is out the edifice collapses. Houghton's aim is opposite: everything, secretly, is being built up in the one, the revelatory, direction. The slant becomes in time perceptible, till you feel yourself a participant, as it were, by gathering the threads that are spun out to you, and seeming to tie them up yourself into the pattern that has really been there from the start. On occasions — when

the end is explicable on a physical plane — you may see it coming before the page reveals it. To me, this is a sign of triumph on the author's part. It proclaims conclusively that his true intent is not — like that of Quince and his Athenian mummers — all for our delight. (Although there *is* delight, in thumb-nail portraiture, and scenes of gorgeous comedy.) He is playing fair, because the search is a spiritual and psychological one, of genuine urgency.

So we begin to pierce the surface-pattern. On a medial plane the quest is for a personality; one who has cut the shackles of habit and convention, and now consciously faces his own life. Each of the characters knows one facet of this complexity — the facet that touches his or her dilemma — and has been drawn into the web on that account. It may turn out to be a fatal relationship for both parties:—

> I killed Conrad Stone because he knew something about me which no one else knew. He could therefore blackmail me. It maddened me to know that, so I killed him.

Conrad, the enigma, has not been out for blackmail; this was by no means the whole truth of him. So Ivan Marsh in *More Lives than One* — a title that elucidates more novels than one — is beyond the single view of any who meet him, though, being mortal, he can fall through one of them. Stone, Marsh, Fortesque in *The Clock Ticks*, and two lovers in *Birthmark* — all these are dead characters with a living influence. Ivor Trent, despite the title *This Was*, is not dead but present, first in the flesh and finally in a written confession. Like so many Houghton characters he had found himself (to borrow another title) at the End of a Road, broke through its barrier, and — is it that? — walked into the future. This is a mystical experience that, for me, falls flat. It is both too vague and too specific; one cannot help feeling that the quest, in this instance, has followed the signpost labelled, not Discovery, but Fantasy. Perhaps I am obtuse....

In *Christina* (1936) the Quest — which I am quite aware has not yet been defined — remains on an earthly level. Still, it is less simple than it appears to Peter Brand. Christina — again — is dead, and the search should be directed to her personality. But her husband Brand, obtuse if ever a being was, sets the whole Houghtonian development-section going in the belief that he will find Christina's lover. The portrayal of Brand is an instance of that artistry Houghton shares with Browning, whereby a character reveals his rottenness through the

self-esteem of his own viewpoint.[1] Behind the procession of artists, neurotics, disillusioned or impoverished creatures who had known Christina it becomes evident to the reader that if Brand's commercial arrogance had, as she believed, cloaked finer qualities, the diffusion of her generous purity over scarecrow lives would have awakened him. Instead, it exacerbates.

It is a bitter, merciless tale. The murder Brand commits through blind obsession is not the proof but the logical outcome of a debased humanity. Or so I interpret Houghton's moral view, which is, in essence, independent of strict theological and civil law. It is the artist's and the mystic's vision of true spiritual beauty, as opposed to a destructive ugliness, shelter as this may behind the letter — the *dead* letter! — of the law. To keep the world's commandments, long since encrusted by routine, is not enough. Many of Houghton's vagabond outcasts have a more honest conduct, which shines through failure.

The chastening power of failure we can understand. But to reject success cuts deeper. This is what Jonathan Scrivener had done, not in a single career, but in many. The world, as the saying goes, was at his feet. I have delayed discussing this inscrutable being, for he stands as the archetype of all those off-sight figures, and provides a clue to the real nature of the Quest. Scrivener, in the novel, is alive, but absent. His secretary James Wrexham, who has never met him, *does* meet his heterogeneous friends. And they meet one another, with some fiery consequences. In Scrivener, Wrexham comes to realize, each of them saw his or her self — magnified. Scrivener had all their problems, their desires and agonies, their disillusionments, their passionate rejections, on a greater scale. For his potentialities in what the world holds valuable were enormous. To invert the figure: all these people, solid and individual, are aspects of Scrivener, so varied and incongruous is his experience. He himself had written, "We are as many persons as we have friends."

And Scrivener, who had failed in nothing, found that everything had failed *him*. He was searching for an intangibility beyond them all. James Wrexham, groping at last towards the secret, meditates:—

> He is everything which we believed could bring us harmony. He is riches, culture, personality, art—all the idols before which we have knelt. Everything which life has denied to us it has offered to him.

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[1] When I once made this Browning comparison, Houghton commented in amusement "Surely the first — and last — Ride Together!" — S. N.

> ... He stands at the end of those roads down which we hasten so eagerly, gazing at a desert. He is, at one and the same time, our aspiration and the death of our hope. Either we must have the courage to follow him and enter the wilderness, or we must have the courage to renounce him—and all that he represents.

It is only another step to say that Jonathan Scrivener represents the human psyche in its fullest development, or better, a conjunction and distillation of a thousand super-conscious souls. *"Truth, for each one of us, is that which encloses our experience."* As experience enlarges, so must the truth be a deeper and a greater one, such as no material triumph can embrace.

This, then, is the Quest. These characters who find themselves at the end of a road, in a *cul-de-sac,* at the frontiers of the known and tangible; who reject the social clutter for a hermit's solitude, who feel themselves always in the hands of destiny, but a destiny that demands an act of their own will — they are at the point where knowledge ceases to be scientific, where reason fails and worldly standards crumble. Let *The Kingdoms of the Spirit* express it:—

> On we press from illusion to illusion, leaving behind us in ruins the fallen images of the gods we have proved to be inadequate to our experience. We seek, accept, reject, and seek.

The only freedom from illusion and despair is to make the final leap. Scrivener stands hesitant on the brink of it, deterred by a whim to "experiment" with his former selves. The leap is to a mystical faith "that each individual life is one link in an eternal sequence," and "that all appearance is but the manifestation of one eternal, spiritual reality. This is the great secret: there is none other."

I am Jonathan Scrivener, published 31 years ago, has become world famous. Is the book read merely as an absorbing puzzle-piece? To my mind, it is not only an astonishing technical achievement, but a creation in a new genre. Houghton, determined to express his spiritual beliefs through the lives of humans, worked out this extraordinary deflection of atoms by an unseen magnetic force. It became an impelling story closely knit, yet rent to tatters by the shuddering winds of the soul's wilderness that lend it a truth beyond its time and setting. The mould was wrought, and further novels came out of it; but Scrivener is vision made substance, belonging both to religion and to art.

SYLVA NORMAN

HAVING AND BEING

[In this brief, closely argued article, **Shri G. Srinivasan,** a lecturer in philosophy at Venkateswara University, Tirupati (A.P.) deals succinctly and clearly with the different implications of saying "I have the body" and "I am the body." The subject is of great importance, since a whole attitude to life can ramify from either position.—Ed.]

The statement, "I have the body" is different from the statement "I am the body." Regarded as philosophical propositions they possess different implications worthy of reflection.

The statement "I have the body" expresses the conjunction between the "I" and the body, and this conjunction implies the possibility of their prior or later disjunction. Being in conjunction with the I, the body is here regarded as the "possession" of the I. As something belonging to the I, the body stands to the I in relation of an object which can be perceived by the I, like any other object which can be said to belong to the I, as, for example, a stick or a bag. But there is an essential difference between these two perceptions, namely the perception by the I of "my body" and the perception of any other object belonging to the I. In the latter case the psychic fact is experienced by the I as distinguished from the object of which it is the psychic fact, whereas in the former case, I experience the psychic fact of my body as identified with my body.[1] This felt identity of the psychic fact with my body is unique to my perception of *my* body, and the same is not true of my perception of *your* body and *his* body. *Your* body and *his* body are objects of perception as distinguished from their psychic facts within me, whereas *my* body as an object of my perception is not so distinguished and is felt to be identified with the psychic fact within me. This felt identity between my body as my object of perception and its psychic fact within me brings us to the second statement "I am the body."

The statement "I am the body" fundamentally differs from the statement "I have the body": since the statement "I have the body" expresses conjunction between the I and the body, it presupposes the validity of two propositions: "I am" and "The body is." But the statement "I am the body" taken as expressing the identity between the I and my body denies the existence of my body apart from its identity with the I.

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[1] See K. C. Bhattacharya : *The Subject as Freedom.*

Either of these two statements, namely, "I have the body" and "I am the body," is capable of standing by itself as a philosophical proposition, and the philosophical truth of each depends upon the metaphysical framework in which it is set.

In the systems of philosophy which conceive liberation (*mukti*) as the attainment of complete disjunction of the I from the not-I, the statement "I have the body" will be a better expression of the truth of bodily existence than the statement "I am the body." Both Sānkhya and Nyāya-vaiśeṣika can be cited as examples of such systems. In these systems the freedom of the I is considered to be its complete alienation from all that is material or non-spiritual, and hence can only be acquired by the perfection of the disjunction already present in the conjunctive relation of having, as expressed in the statement "I have the body": the body is neither identical with the I nor a continuation of its being; it only belongs to the I. But even this sense of "belonging" or "having" must be given up if the I is to realize its freedom from the body as well as the rest of the material world, which in fact is only the result of the extension of the sense of "having" beyond the body. Śaṁkara's Advaita Vedanta can be said to insist on the same disjunction between the I and the rest of existence, though it accepts as the culmination of this disjunction the universalization of the I into Brahman and the dissolution of all distinctions or differences in it.

In the materialistic systems of philosophy, such as the Cārvāka, the statement "I am the body" is regarded as a better expression of the truth of bodily existence than the statement "I have the body." In materialism the statement "I am the body" expresses the whole truth about the I, since the I is nothing other than the body. So much so that the destruction of the body as in death would mean the concomitant extinction of the I.

The difference between the two statements "I have the body" and "I am the body" can be expressed as the difference between "having" and "being": "having" qualifies the I, to make it a member of an objective and common reality, while simply "being" retains its privacy and freedom. The relation of "having" is based upon the knowledge of my body as an object of my outer perception, while the relation of "being" can be said to express the knowledge of my body as an object of inner perception. But these two perceptions are not disjoined; they are simultaneously present in my knowledge of my body; so much so that the two ways in which my knowledge of my body admits of expression — "I have the body" and "I am the body" — are not contra-

ries but are complementary to each other. That is, both "having" and "being" converge in "my body" and in this convergence each complements the other: I cannot "have" or "possess" my body unless I am it, I cannot "be" my body unless I objectify it so as to "have" it. "Having" the body becomes a uniquely private and immediate possession because of the underlying "being"; "being" the body, on the other hand, makes the I objective and common because of the association of "having" with this "being." The truth of bodily existence, thus, seems to require a co-affirmation of both "having" and "being," as is possible in the organismic view of the person.

We have traces of this view in the systems of Spinoza and Leibnitz: Spinoza posits an identity of essence between the body and the idea of the body (mind), and regards this identity of essence as the Idea of the idea of the body, which combines within itself the essence of the body and that of the mind.[2] Leibnitz conceives within the monad (soul) a distinction between the entelechy and the *materia prima* and regards the visible material body (*materia secunda*) of the soul as only an external and gross manifestation of its *materia prima*.[3]

In recent years, Marcel has specially emphasized the convergence of both "having" and "being" in "my body," and he also sees the necessity for the extension of the conscious being of the I beyond its particular body. But he finds such extension of conscious being irreconcilable with the sense of "having" and hence pleads for the necessity of overcoming the sense of "having" or "possessing."[4]

Ramanuja places equal emphasis on both "having" and "being," and in his system we find a fuller development of the organismic view of the person. Unlike materialism, which identifies the I with the body, Ramanuja recognizes the distinction between them. But this distinction does not amount to separation or disjunction. The body can in fact be regarded as both different from and identical with the I: the body is different from the I in so far as it does not negate the I or make the use of the word I superfluous. But it is identical with the I in so far as it is continuous with the being of the I.

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[2] See SPINOZA: *Ethics*; trs. by G. S. FULLERTON. 1907. Part II, propositions 20, 21 and scholium; Part VI, propositions 22, 23, proof. I have developed this view of Spinoza in my papers.

"Spinoza and Sānkhya" (*Journal of the Philosophical Association*, Vol. VI, No. 22, April 1959) and "The Concept of Mind in Spinoza's Philosophy" (*Prabuddha Bharata*, Vol. LXIV, April 1959).

[3] See LEIBNITZ: *Monadology*; trs. by LATTA, 1898.

[4] See JAMES COLLINS: *The Existentialists*. 1952.

Since the body is a continuation of the being of the I, the statement "I am the body" is not a distortion of the truth of the I or of the body, but a right expression of it. It is not, however, an expression of the whole truth of the I, since the I's reality is by no means limited to the boundaries of its body. The body, though continuous with the being of the I — is not a restriction placed on the being of the I. The I is capable of extending its conscious being beyond the limitations of its particular body. Through such extension or expansion of its conscious being the I overgrows the sense of separativeness and becomes capable of regarding and using the other bodies or objects as its own. The extension of the conscious being of the I beyond its particular body will, however, be possible only when the I regards itself as the body of Brahman. With the growing self-realization of itself as the body of Brahman, the I becomes capable of establishing its continuity of being with the other bodies or objects by virtue of the expansion of its consciousness or *dharmabhūtajñāna*.

In this instrumentalization of other bodies and objects we have again a synthesis of both "being" and "having": the other bodies and objects cannot be thoroughly instrumentalized but for the expansion of the conscious being of the I, whereby those objects and bodies come to be regarded as being continuous with the being of the I. But such extension of the conscious being of the I beyond the boundaries of its particular body will be impossible unless the I regards its own body as other than itself and treats it as on a par with other bodies in terms of "having." The cultivation of the relation of "being" with regard to the other bodies will be thus proportionate to the cultivation of the relation of "having" towards one's own body, and both are thus essential for the spiritual evolution of the I.

G. SRINIVASAN

Beautiful eyes meet his — and he
Bears to admire uncravingly;
They pass — he, mingled with the crowd,
Is in their far-off triumphs proud.
From some high station he looks down,
At sunset, on a populous town;
Surveys each happy group, which fleets,
Toil ended, through the shining streets,
Each with some errand of its own —
And does not say: *I am alone.*

—MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CARLYLE

AS REVEALED IN "SARTOR RESARTUS"

[**Shri Surendra Nath Agnihotri, M.A.,** Lecturer in English, Seth G. B. Podar College, Navalgarh, Rajasthan, gives a sympathetic, balanced sketch of the substance and quality of that enigmatic, obscure, delightful classic: Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*.—ED.]

THE FIRST AND FINAL IMPRESSION that Carlyle makes is the impression of an indignant prophet, dominating the age he spent his life in denouncing. While figuring as the apostle of instinct and the adversary of analysis, he has a clear enough comprehension of the struggle he is waging. His personality is moulded for life in the course of the crisis which brings about its sudden maturity. He rejects and condemns the lust of the understanding which around him has seized upon an ever larger number of minds.

In an age which dealt pre-eminently in ethical and religious ideas; an age in which the intellectual currency was minted in terms of faith and morality, rather than of abstract metaphysics; when the rapid widening of knowledge was viewed in many quarters with suspicion and apprehension; and, especially, when the new-born science of biology appeared as a sinister force threatening the very foundation of belief — in such an age, Carlyle was a veritable leader of those who walked in uncertainty and darkness. This intuition of self is not an arbitrary creation. Carlyle discovers the deepest foundations of his personality and rests upon it with a firmness which nothing will ever shake. In this way he resumes contact with all the heritage which ancestral experience has accumulated, with a temperament of soul whose wealth of dormant ideas he will now realize and cultivate. In him a keen utilitarian finesse of thought is closely allied with a vague, pent-up mysticism. He, it is said, often feels as a Realist and thinks as an Idealist, but his message is steeped in Transcendentalism, the immanence of the spirit behind all Matter. "The Universe," he explains, "is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres; but God-like and my father's."

These are his veritable lineage. The genius of German literature is the favourable influence that comes to stimulate a ripening originality, to quicken its consciousness of itself, and to supply it with assimilable ideas, thus enabling it to emerge and develop: "How thou fermentest and elaboratest, in thy great fermenting vat and laboratory

of an atmosphere, of a world, Nature." By so radical and decisive a choice, and one in which he reveals his true self, he violently broke up the complex psychological unity created by the spirit of conciliation in England; he forced his generation to face the mixed nature of their tradition, calling upon them to cling stubbornly to one hereditary element only, to retrench and to sacrifice the rest.

Sartor Resartus is an ebullition of ideas and images many of which bear the stamp of their Germanic origin; and the feverish zeal which animates this strange book is like an exaggerated form of transcendental enthusiasm, to which, according to popular imagination, the disciples of Kant were keyed up. Carlyle's intuitive and discontinuous method achieves here the effects natural to Carlyle's genius. All vestige of the mathematical mind once so dominant in him was thereafter effaced by the fierce ardour of his passion. *Sartor Resartus* is charged with the ideas and antipathies which had grown up in him meanwhile and which reflect their hues backward on the story of his youth. The enigmatic figure of its hero affords Carlyle the opportunity to give us an autobiography in disguise.

> Man's Unhappiness, as I construe [remarks Carlyle], comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite.

Here Carlyle resumes, stage by stage, and in striking fashion, the history of the soul's development, from egoistical disquietude and the morbid preoccupation with self, through the "Everlasting No," to the certainty and affirmation of belief. He describes the essence of his own anguish in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the bitterness of his agony, the ruin of his hopes and happiness:—

> The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly dewdrop, was smouldering in sulphurous, slow-consuming fire.... I lived in a continual, indefinite, pining fear; tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I know not what.

To judge by the selfishness, materialism, greed and rivalry of his contemporaries, the eighteenth-century rationalists were right: men are highly magnetized machinery or if they have a soul, it is petrified under modern conditions. "Matter, were it never so despicable is spirit, the manifestation of spirit; were it never so honourable, can it be more?" We cannot fulfil our best selves under the mammonism of this age. The writer is half convinced; he loses hope; and begins to despair of his age and consequently of himself. He even whispers that revolt is

useless, that things cannot be changed. This pessimistic resignation is "The Everlasting No." So his humanity and religious sense are thwarted, his spirit grows restless and turns inward upon itself; dwells upon its own helplessness, exaggerates its difficulties; shudders at the weight of circumstance: "Thus was I standing in the porch of that "Sanctuary of Sorrow" . . . and erelong its sacred gates would open, and the 'Divine Depth of Sorrow' lie disclosed to me."

Suddenly, while nursing these fears, it dawns upon him that he is helping to suppress his own soul, for the spirit lives only in the consciousness of its invincibility. The crisis through which he passes becomes thus the centre of a system of individual duties, which is extended very soon to embrace social relations. To confess yourself the victim of moral circumstances is to deny your immortality; to be afraid of man is to confess that you have no part with God. The individual who sees further and higher than the life around him must be spiritually superior to its influence. He must, in Goethe's words, "preserve and conserve his own identity amidst a flux of impressions"; he can afford to be indifferent to evil; such is the Centre of Indifference, "through which whoso travels from the Negative pole to the Positive must necessarily pass."

"But if there are godlike impulses in you, so must there be in other people, for the world is made up of beings like yourself." Consequently, this mammonism, corruption and selfishness are more apparent than real. Perhaps they are only the disabilities of transition, perhaps even the birthpangs of a newer, more perfect order. The Romanticists' malady of the soul, puerile doubt and pain, are the signs of the inner corruption of society. "Close your Byron and open your Goethe," cries Carlyle. Self-forgetfulness, renunciation, action, such are the laws which govern the psychological well-being of the soul: "It is only with Renunciation (*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin." To each personality these laws bring a strong sense of organized unity without which no vital success is possible: "*Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will give *Infinity*," and "the Fraction of life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator." All human transformation springs from within; man should know that "he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness." The outward garb of institutions of practical activities and manners will be renovated by the effect of a spiritual rejuvenation. Such is the Everlasting Yea, "wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with

him."

Such are the main ideas round which the work of Carlyle develops. Never again did he experience quite the same plenitude of inspiration. For the first and last time, in the white-hot flare of genius, the two threads of English and German Romanticism, the poetic and the metaphysical, are alike "raised to incandescence, purged of their dross and fused altogether into me." *Sartor Resartus,* therefore, is sometimes regarded as one of the highest achievements of the Romantic movement in Europe. There are pages of ecstasy in the book; and in its ecstasy, in its intellectual intoxication, Carlyle expresses his sense of the secret nature of reality, and the dualism of reality and appearance is not original. They are but an incomplete, popular and sometimes naïve transposition of Kant. The most original element is in the fusion of transcendental idealism with Puritan mysticism. Carlyle's voice is the voice of a prophet; he reveals the secrets of the universe with a religious emotion. He perhaps goes too far in preparing us to expect the marvellous; we catch him wondering at his own power to bear the strain of revelation. The Professor descends from that pinnacle of Idealism whence he has looked out so detachedly over the world of men to mingle with society again and discover a solution to its problems. Carlyle does not bid good-bye to his readers until he has brought them out of the empyrean of transcendentalism, and seen them set down safely upon the firm earth once more.

Sartor Resartus is not a book that can be drawn out into propositions, and it seems at first a confusion of unharmonized ideas. But its fourfold origin can be noticed. There are, to begin with, Carlyle's own remembered doubts and despairs, and illuminations. Next, there is the influence of the humorists, like Sterne and Butler, and possibly Richter; they may answer for the atmosphere of fantasy. And thirdly, there are the German thinkers and poets, named already, whose conceptions peer out in a somewhat shapeless and comic guise. A fourth element must be added: Carlyle's fervent sympathy with Piers the Ploughman and his engrossment with the problem of labour — the "condition of England question." These four strands are interwoven past unravelling, but the resulting pattern is like nothing else in the world. Out of the mask that recalls the old humorists comes a voice different from theirs altogether. Swift might well have thought of a naked House of Lords, and *A Tale of a Tub* may have actually suggested the notion of a mystical meaning for clothes, and of working out the exorbitant fancy to the bitter end; but Carlyle's elaboration of it Swift might have

judged to be fit only for the house for fools and the mad that he founded. So the doctrine embodied in the allegory of "clothes philosophy":—

> Whatsoever sensibly exists, whatsoever represents spirit to spirit, is properly clothing, a suit of Raiment . . . the whole External Universe is but clothing.

In Goethe Carlyle found an escape from the negations. He had no prejudices, held nothing sacred from investigation, wore "no Hebrew old clothes." Thus Goethe was for Carlyle what Shakespeare had been for Keats, "a standing proof of the possibility of a vision for which whatever has being, has beauty." Yet there were very few points of contact between these two. Carlyle believed that Goethe had found serenity by solving for himself the eternal riddle of the relations between man and the universe. Really Goethe had solved nothing. He attained his serenity by cutting out of his life anything likely to disturb him. Goethe could not have understood Carlyle's spiritual distress; Carlyle could not have understood Goethe's amorous facility.

But it is just this spiritual discord, of which Schiller sang, that gave the enormous impetus to Carlyle's influence; it was this optimism, tossed fitfully on a vast ocean of pessimism, that acted as a tonic on the national life of the Victorian age. The issue depends on whether the experiences of the new world (however perplexing) will produce an alertness and open-mindedness which begin as materialism but may lead to another kind of spirituality.

Carlyle's style is one of the most personal. In its sincerity — for it expresses a temperament — it is not devoid of a certain affection, rising often into the uncouth and the bizarre, it testifies to a fondness for violent habits of mind and feeling. Destined to exhortation and combat, it is forged of the hard metal of Saxon words which Carlyle loves because he finds them weighted with the oldest elements of the race. The language of his early years has balance and simplicity. With *Sartor Resartus,* a mystic philosopher and an impetuous writer jointly put in an appearance. Construction, the sense of proportion, the reciprocal affinities of words, vanish at the same time; an unconquerable ardour breaks in upon and destroys the calm connectedness of thought.

Sometimes, he simply translates a German expression or models his sentence upon it. Certain critics have also found in his style a provincial vein, and dialectical forms of expression; the ideas of Annandale, the reminiscences of domestic conversation, were the essen-

tial origins of Carlyle's style. Sometimes the rough Saxon words are harmonized with the foreign but naturalized elegance and suppleness of the Latin, as in: "A vain interminable controversy, touching what is at present called Origin of Evil, or some such thing, arises in every soul since the beginning of the world." He has also invented numerous words like "dandiacal," "baphometic," "riancy" and compounds like "word-monger," "profit-and-loss philosophy," "God-effulgences," "Earth-blinded" and the like. The imagination animates and sustains the heavy agglomerations of words, gives them their intensity and makes them kindle with sudden flashes of light. "It is," as G. K. Chesterton scornfully remarks, "like a Shaffy Scandinavian decorating a Greek Statue washed up by chance on his shores." Indeed, one receives the impression that it is this dashing impetuosity, with the cosmic amplitude of a natural force, which brings with it a vocabulary that is rough, abrupt, mixed, thoroughly saturated with Saxon intensity and concrete vividness. And this prose, when once solid, has the sharp edges, the breaks, the dislocated formations, of cooled volcanic rocks. In the order of powerfulness its effects are incomparable; but more winning are the rare occasions when its passion and its irony relax, and the emotion of the seer is softened by suggestion and dream. For all that, as Professor Hugh Walker has shown, it is a most natural style, because it seems peculiarly adapted to Carlyle's turn of thought. He could scarcely have expressed his humour and irony otherwise.

From the subconscious processes of thought to the acts and gestures of the social being, Carlyle grasped all the internal elements of the laws of life, inextricably bound with the network of human actions and reactions, with all their aspects, and all their rules as well. His constructive activity was essential and central. He is great by virtue of his intuition. That divining power he possesses to search the past or the present, fallible and limited as it is, cast forth, when favoured by spiritual grace, flashes of vivid light and even of beauty which are among the treasures of literature.

SURENDRA NATH AGNIHOTRI

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

"THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE"*

THE WORLD'S BEST-SELLING BOOK is the Authorized or King James Version of the Bible. In the 350th-anniversary year there has appeared the New Testament, the first part of The New English Bible.

Overtures from the Church of Scotland in 1946 led to the setting up of a Joint Committee, representing all the major Christian denominations (apart from the Roman Catholics) in the British Isles, with the aim of making an entirely new translation rather than a revision of any previous version.

The General Director of the work is Charles Harold Dodd, the veteran Biblical scholar who is a Congregationalist. He has described how the Joint Committee appointed three panels of translators: for the Old Testament, for the New Testament and for the Apocrypha, and also a panel of literary advisers to supervise the literary style.

Criticisms and suggestions went back and forth between the translating panels and the literary panel. A revising committee then took over and reported to the Joint Committee which finally approved the translation of the New Testament in March 1960. It took a further year to arrange for the simultaneous publication of the work throughout the world on March 14th, 1961. (The actual date of the publication of the Authorized Version in 1611 is not known, but the day of publication of the New Testament of The New English Bible will long be reckoned as a significant date.)

Outstanding translations of the whole Bible in this century have been by James Moffatt (a Scottish Presbyterian) and Ronald Knox (a Roman Catholic translating from the official Roman Catholic version, the Latin Vulgate), and of the New Testament alone by R. F. Weymouth, J. B. Phillips and Kingsley Williams, to name only a few. On the other hand the outstanding joint effort, the American Revised Standard Version, was, as its name implies, a revision of a previous translation.

This New Translation comes, therefore, as the first authoritative and completely new translation of this century. The publishers claim that "the translators have aimed at a rendering which is timeless as well as faithful." How far have they succeeded? Only those who, like the translators, have lived for years with the Greek original can judge the latter claim and only those who have a comprehensive knowledge of English literature and constantly use the new translation can judge the former.

No literary translation can be a literal translation, and this one appears to strike a fine balance between exact translation and paraphrase.

The opinion of one whose primary professional tool is the Bible, especially the New Testament, is that this translation answers magnificently to every call upon it. It reads well and it passes the supreme test: it reads well in a congregation: even to one saturated with the Authorized Version. Comparison with the old translation is illuminating; acceptance of the new, as it is, is satisfying.

There will be those who hold up horror-stricken hands at the alteration of time-honoured phrases: Moffatt's

* *The New English Bible: New Testament* (Oxford University Press; Cambridge University Press. xiii + 447 pp. 1961. Library Edition, 21 *s.*; Popular edition, 8*s.* 6*d.*)

translation of Noah's Ark as "barge" caused a furore thirty-five years ago! But for those who wish to have in modern English an accurate, clear and not unliterary translation of the New Testament, here it is.

It has taken thirteen years to produce the translation of the New Testament. Work on the Old Testament and the Apocrypha continues and we must wait several years for these. A word as to the editions. Both are as well produced as work from the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses is expected to be. The popular edition is eminently readable and for straightforward reading is quite adequate, having the minimum of notes and those merely to explain the omission of verses in the traditional text which are not found in the best manuscripts. The library edition is a joy to handle. The references in the Library Editions are more than ten times those in the popular edition and are essential to the student who is concerned with the variants of the manuscripts and versions, but they are not obtrusive to those who do not need them.

The publishers state that their translation is not intended to replace the Authorized Version and this will continue to be used for its literary and liturgical value. But there are many today in English-speaking countries who have not been brought up on the Authorized Version and who have found the barrier of language difficult to surmount. For them and for those of other faiths and other tongues who wish to read in English what the Bible says, here is the definitive translation of the New Testament for many years to come.

ARTHUR W. SAUNDERS

Dr. Schweitzer of Lambaréné. By NORMAN COUSINS. (Adam and Charles Black, London. 168 pp. Illustrated. 1960. 20*s*.)

Few people are better qualified to write about Schweitzer with intuition and understanding than Mr. Cousins, the editor of *The Saturday Review* of the U.S.A. For ten years he had been preparing for his visit to Lambaréné by reading all that Schweitzer had written, and by a long correspondence with him. The two main objects of his visit were to persuade the Doctor to do something about his unpublished manuscripts, and to urge him to write his views on world peace, nuclear weapons, nuclear testing and radioactive fall-out. Mr. Cousins told the Doctor that he believed there was no living person whose voice on such an issue would be more widely heard or respected.

The first part of the book is mainly concerned with life at Lambaréné, and gives an intimate picture of Schweitzer, the man. It is a picture showing Schweitzer the Father at Lambaréné, taking full responsibility for everyone and everything; Schweitzer the Doctor who could lose his temper, "bark out his orders to the Africans," and then go out of his way to make amends; Schweitzer the Administrator, personally supervising every detail; Schweitzer the Musician playing his dilapidated piano — a piano from which Mr. Cousins turned away in horror! There are many other vivid pictures: the "test of power" between Colonel van der Post and the witch doctor (the witch doctor won); the antelope walking over Schweitzer's manuscripts in his study; the baby gorilla in the dining room; and so one could go on.

The latter part of the book records conversations on philosophy and religion between the Doctor and Mr. Cousins. One leaves this book with a sense of having contacted one of the Great Ones of the world; and a feeling of deep humility.

The photography is worthy of the

book — it is of outstanding beauty. In brief, this is a book not only to read, but to buy, and re-read.

C. B.

The Theological Frontier of Ethics: An Essay. Based on the Edward Cadbury Lectures in the University of Birmingham 1955-56. By W. G. MACLAGAN. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London; The Macmillan Company, New York. 202 pp. 1961. 28*s.*)

The typical scholar develops extensive and detailed knowledge of a large literature dealing with a field which is greatly overcultivated and has produced books of pages and pages taken up with minute discussion of the views of many authors the significance of which, to those outside the particular field of the ivory tower, is lost in unreadability. Professor Maclagan is a good and very able man with a wonderfully comprehensive hold on the meticulousness of his particular field, but he is a victim of the system.

Here and there, however, comes out live and vigorous opinion. The truth is that Professor Maclagan is in reaction against the irrationalism of Barth, Brunner and Niebuhr: "I feel bound to say that it seems very far from being acceptable. It seems indeed in some respects as absurd as it is terrible." He opposes Professor Robinson's doctrine of "the solidarity in sin of the human race and of the equal sinfulness of all men" and surely with good reason. Needless to say, he is opposed to Kierkegaard also:—

> Kierkegaard has torn apart and opposed "duty" and morality, so that "duty" itself is no longer an ethical term. It is pointless to debate whether its absurdity or its offensiveness is the more striking feature of such a view.

Positively, Professor Maclagan maintains that the moral experience requires "reference to an order of being other than the natural, or matter-of-fact, order of spatio-temporal existence," but insists that this is sufficient and it is not necessary to assert that that order of being is theological, although it may be.

With all this the present reviewer is in agreement, but Professor Maclagan has not grappled adequately with the problem of inherited mind. The fact that "an Englishman today may feel that he has a share in the guilt of the nation which burnt Joan of Arc or which took a leading part in the slave trade" is not "mere pathological *malaise.*" We have lived in our ancestors.

R. F. RATTRAY

The Integral Philosophy of Sri Aurobindo: A Commemorative Symposium. Edited by HARIDAS CHAUDHURI and FREDERIC SPIEGELBERG. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 350 pp. Frontispiece. 1960. 42*s.*)

This excellent symposium is made up of articles contributed by thirty eminent scholars who discuss different aspects of Sri Aurobindo's philosophy. Albert Schweitzer summed up the essential difference between Eastern and Western philosophies when he declared that the world view of India was monistic and mystical and that of the West dualistic and doctrinaire. The Integral Philosophy of Sri Aurobindo, like other non-dualistic philosophies, regards reality as both indefinable and inconceivable by finite and defining Mind. It is also indescribable in terms of a mind-created speech. Nor can it be expressed, as Hindus sometimes try to express it, in terms of negation. According to Sri Aurobindo there is no true opposition between man's so-called lower nature and his higher nature, for the latter has been derived out of the former through the superconscient creative dynamism (*shakti*) of this same

Ultimate Reality. It is with this superconscient creative force of evolution, called by Sri Aurobindo the Divine Mother, that man has to co-operate in order to attain an integral and dynamic realization of Reality.

Sri Aurobindo often referred to his own philosophy as "integral Yoga" and he added that its essence lay in a free, active and effective co-operation by means of mediation with the superconscient force of evolution, or what might also be called the dynamic Divine. Broadly speaking, two essential conditions must be satisfied in this co-operation. The first is that the Yogi should maintain a balance between meditation and action and the second that there should be a correlation between the ascending and descending movements of consciousness. The ascending movement leads to a gradual broadening of the meditator's spiritual outlook as he rises to a higher level of consciousness and eventually apprehends Reality as the supra-cosmic silence. But experience has shown that a spiritual ascent alone is insufficient unless there be also a material descent to bring down the light and the power of higher consciousness into our material existence.

Chaudhuri's leading article on Sri Aurobindo is followed by Dr. Frederic Spiegelberg's comparison of his philosophy with Heidegger's philosophy of existentialism. He shows that the likeness between the two is a very close one. Sri Aurobindo and Heidegger both emphasize the need for man to work for the Ultimate rather than to be entirely preoccupied with saving his own soul. Man will then feel himself "once more as a crusader, as a fighter, as a knight with a great task which is foremost." Dr. Spiegelberg is Professor of Asiatic and Slavic Studies at Stanford University, California, and his contribution to the symposium provides us with what was needed, namely the construction of a bridge between Eastern and Western systems of philosophical thought.

But to review so important a work as this properly would require four times the space which has actually been allotted to me and to attempt to compress more into this already over-loaded review would be a grave mistake. I have only one adverse comment to make on this book,, the fact that it contains no index. This seems to me to be a defect in a work of a scholarly and erudite nature.

KENNETH WALKER

Commentaries on Living: Third Series. From the Notebooks of J. KRISHNAMURTI. Edited by D. RAJAGOPAL. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 312 pp. 1961. 18*s*.)

For some years the publishing house of Victor Gollancz has been responsible for the best writings of Krishnamurti — best in the sense that these books are the result of what the publisher calls "intensely emotional experiences . . . a complete communion of minds, earnest seeking and sudden illumination" for the many who have an interest in the writer and what he has to say to a world loud and stringent with its many afflictions and proffered remedies. These Commentaries, edited by his friend D. Rajagopal, are worth reading for the simple and beautiful prose in which they are written, as well as the simple yet startling thoughts they contain in such profusion. They are based on actual conversations with all kinds of men and women, seeking consolation in sorrow; so-called wisdom through the turbulent mind ("The Mind is the great Slayer of the Real," as stated in *The Voice of the Silence*); an explanation of Karma; a definition of Love, which has to be experienced and not defined, and other problems, such as after-death, sex, politics, organized religion, asceticism and authority. What does Krishnamurti

offer as the solvent in most cases? At times, Freedom from conditioning; at other times, Love, but not the definition of it.

ERNEST V. HAYES

Growing Up into Buddhism. By SRAMANERA JIVAKA. (Maha Bodhi Society of India, Calcutta. 128 pp. 1960. Rs. 2.25)

Sramanera Jivaka offers some excellent fare in this book. In Part I, the ten short chapters deal with the Eightfold Path, the Four Noble Truths, the Three Refuges and the Five Precepts. In Part II, "Thought and Ideas," we are guided in the Search for Truth and Religion and Us, and the last chapter deals with our own grand "I."

Sramanera Jivaka knows his "teen-ager" with all the problems that beset the business of growing up and the sensitiveness of the young mind to the pressure of Life. The basic principles of human behaviour are handled and explained from the Buddhist point of view. Adults who are already familiar with Buddhism will realize that this work is intended to increase one's Consciousness, and "teen-agers" are encouraged in the fascinating technique of learning how to *think*. The author has certainly succeeded in making this small book "as interesting as possible with bits of scientific information and anecdotes."

The Illustrations are reproductions from the Wall Paintings in the Temple at Sarnath.

The Publisher is to be congratulated in bringing out this work.

SISTER VAJIRA

The Ochre Robe. By SWAMI AGEHANANDA BHARATI. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 294 pp. 1961. 25*s*.)

Is this genuine autobiography, or quasi-fiction, or pure fiction, like Lobsang Rampa's *The Third Eye*? However that may be, the volume deserves the scrutiny of all thoughtful readers interested in India. Its hero, born in Vienna and christened Leopold Fischer, manifested from his early boyhood a strange predilection for India — so much so that he opted to learn his English from an Indian and mastered Sanskrit and Hindi. This knowledge of languages stood him in good stead when he joined, during the Second World War, Subhash Bose's "Free India" Legion — not so much to help Bose or Hitler as to gain a greater insight into the mysteries of the Indian mind. The same quest led him to India, where he eventually became an ochre-robed swami — a most original one, it should be added, for he did not suffer from any inhibitions. His mother, he tells us, was addicted to Freudian literature and, no doubt, she helped him in his general bent. Now any one with the slightest contact with the typical so-called cultivated Indian, be it in Vienna or in Berlin, perceives at once that he is full of cant. The fascination that India exercised on our Swami, however, prevented him from seeing this. Naturally he suffered disenchantment when he came to India. He made some strange discoveries when, instead of singing panegyrics on Mother India's industrial progress, he manifested interest in the *tantras*, erotic temple sculptures or in urban women's undergarments. His lectures at different university centres were misunderstood. The usual charges — "He is a spy," "He wants us to remain backward," "He is an agent of the imperialists," etc. — were levelled against him by the students and others who ought to have known better. Finally he left India for the Far East and the U.S.A. He is now engaged in research. Let us hope he has not abandoned his interest in the *tantras* and that in due

course he will produce works worthy of a Stcherbatsky. There are many minor points with which the reviewer disagrees, but there is hardly any room here to raise them. On the whole it is a provocative book.

SUDHIN GHOSE

Lives of the Poets: The Story of One Thousand Years of English and American Poetry. By LOUIS UNTERMEYER. (W. H. Allen, London. x+758 pp. 1960. 42*s*.)

A distinguished American poet, a popular anthologist of poetry, editor of "treasuries" of verse and prose, and author of many other books used in schools and colleges, here offers the most ambitious compendium he has so far attempted. Nothing less than "the story of one thousand years of English and American poetry," told in brief biographies of the poets from Chaucer to D. H. Lawrence, Robert Frost, Wallace Stevens and Dylan Thomas.

Challenging though his title is, since it recalls the great Dr. Samuel Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* (four volumes, 1783), the new work stands up to its claim. Few except antiquarian scholars read all of Dr. Johnson's prefaces, and what is read is admired for the personality of the author and his style, rather than for interest in his narratives as biographies and critical estimates.

Dr. Johnson wrote about poets great and minor, so minor as to be quite forgotten except for his essays on them. His span was about 150 years, from Milton to Thomas Gray, his contemporary. Louis Untermeyer's scope is vast, so vast that it may mean his book will be looked upon more as a reference work to be read in sections and taken up at intervals than as one to be read through.

Sampling his *Lives of the Poets* in this wise, the reader will find Louis Untermeyer's estimates wise and balanced; objective; revealing critical acumen sustained remarkably for so lengthy a work, expressed in a fluent, readable style. Leavening the narratives are extensive and well-chosen quotations from the poets' characteristic verse, thus making the volume not only a collective biography on a grand scale but also an historical sketch of the birth, growth and flowering of English and American poetry.

In a book of this sort, the critic-historian must find precise but lively epithets for his summaries of characters and achievements. Louis Untermeyer's success with his comprehensive theme may perhaps be best judged by selecting evaluations of "difficult" subjects, such as, for example, Byron and Gerard Manley Hopkins, worlds apart in temperament, experience and artistic achievements. Thus, is it not well said to assert that Byron's poems are

> an almost exact transcript of his way of living. The poetry is confessional as well as sensual, but it rarely explores, illuminates, or suggests more than it says?

And here the critic observes with notable clarity of judgment that "it is the very opposite of the kind of poetry written by a completely sensitive poet like Keats." Again, of Hopkins's poems, he shrewdly notes that many of them, "and some of the very best of them, are crowded with more than they can bear." Such comments will clarify the mind of the student, and keep alive the critical faculties of the general reader. Given the leisure, few readers would not enjoy traversing the whole volume.

F. SEYMOUR SMITH

Selected Letters of Winifred Holtby and Vera Brittain (1920-1935). Edited by VERA BRITTAIN and GEOFFREY HANDLEY-TAYLOR. (A. Brown and Sons, Ltd., Hull. xiv+384 pp. Illustrated. 1960. £3.3.0)

These letters, recently published for the first time to commemorate the 25th anniversary of Winifred Holtby's death in 1935, have an interest that would seem to merit a far wider attention than this limited edition is likely to ensure them. They are revealing both of the character — in the interplay of minds of a rare affinity between two unusually intelligent, sensitive and informed young women — and of the events of that strange interlude between two wars spanning the 1920's and 1930's.

The first letter, written to Vera Brittain by Winifred Holtby from her home at Cottingham in Yorkshire, is dated "Summer Vacation, 1920." Both girls were then at Oxford; both had seen active war service — and this was their first bond, to be continued in a dedication to the cause of peace. One, Vera Brittain, had already suffered searing personal losses (as she recorded later in *Testament of Youth*); the other, Winifred Holtby, was to meet her Calvary in the onset of a fatal illness that caused her untimely death at the age of 37, just as the creative promise of her literary powers came to full fruition in *South Riding*. The last letter, also from Winifred, came from Wimereux, where she was on holiday with Vera's two children while Vera herself nursed a sick husband in London. Only one month later, Winifred was dead.

In many ways, the intervening story is one of tragedy — of sickness and frustration and death; and of the inevitable conflict, for creative women, between family claims and artistic fulfilment. That these two gifted women succeeded largely in meeting both claims is a tribute not only to their intelligence but to their courage and humour. We are able to share these qualities in the vivid vignettes they exchanged on their frequent travelling engagements; of small-town life in America, for instance, or the suppressed turbulence of South Africa. (How many people remember now Winifred Holtby's devoted labours and financial sacrifices on behalf of African advancement?)

There are also deeper insights that sound with a curious shock of unexpectedness through the rather girlish exuberance of the youthful Winifred. Already in 1924 she could write, with a wisdom that comes to few at the end of life:—

> To let each one of one's beloveds feel completely free, even the most beloved of them all, to interpose no barrier of pity or tenderness between them and their destiny, that needs a little careful schooling.

If these letters are disappointing, it is by their omissions. We are mystified by Winifred's unexplained illnesses; tantalized by glimpses of her emotional attachment to the unsatisfactory "H"; puzzled here and there by an apparent lack of discrimination between what is of private and public importance. For further illumination, we can only turn to Vera Brittain's own *Testament of Friendship* — and await the full biography of Winifred Holtby that is yet to be written.

MARGARET TIMS

The Runaway and Other Stories. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Visva-Bharati, Calcutta. 196 pp. 1961. Rs. 4.50.)

This is one of several volumes of English translations of Tagore's works that are to be published in connection with the Centenary Celebrations of 1961. Tagore seems to have written nearly 100 stories, several of which have already appeared in collections like *Hungry Stones* (1916), *Mashi* (1918), and *Broken Ties* (1925). The

present collection includes nine more stories, done into English by C. F. Andrews, Surendranath Tagore, W. W. Pearson, Jadunath Sarkar, Amiya Chakravarty, Indiradevi Chaudhurani and Somnath Maitra.

Tagore was essentially a poet, and when he wrote dramas, novels and short stories, or made incursions into the fields of politics, philosophy or education, the poet could not but set the tone, making the poetry the *élan,* the soul, the rest being no more than the appearance or the scaffolding. The myth-making power of the great poet is illustrated by the well-known story "The Cabuliwallah," in which the character is seized by inward vision and is presented with total understanding and compassion. A good story, no doubt, has a sort of structure: there are characters and incidents; there is a suggested tangle of relationships; and there is a conclusion that, as it were, stings and consoles at once. Yet a good story is a unity by virtue of the indwelling soul; in other words, the idea that inspires and sustains the story. From this point of view, not all these nine stories are altogether satisfying. "Cloud and Sun" seems to have a contrived ending, and "The Conclusion" doesn't quite ring true. "The Hidden Treasure," "The Judge" and "Mahamaya" try to prove far too much, and "False Hopes" is rather unreal and is merely fantastic. On the other hand, the close of "The Runaway," by its very unexpectedness, gives the story a rounded fullness of meaning. Always is Tagore an engaging story-teller, and he never fails to grip the reader's attention at once. In characters like Tara, the "runaway," Mrityunjaya the treasure-hunter and Mahamaya, who is more sinned against than sinning, the idea is splendidly realized in life, and the reader's memory returns to them again and again. The poet of nature and humanity is revealed in sentences like:—

> Clouds pursued each other, the wind rushed after them, the boats sped on, and songs leapt to the skies. Then, the lightning flashed out, rending the sky from end to end the thunder cracked forth; and out of the depths of the darkness came a scent of moist earth and torrential rain to fill the air....
>
> Clouds gathered in the sky, as they do every day in the rainy season. Giribala stood behind a roadside tree sobbing for wounded pride. Such idle tears are shed every day by many a girl; it was nothing worthy of note.

And, sometimes, the "title" itself gathers the sadness and the poetry in a single word or a pregnant phrase: "The Stolen Treasure," for example.

There is a useful glossary, and the get-up of the book is excellent.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

The Paradox of Tragedy. The Manlon Powell Lectures 1959. By D. D. RAPHAEL. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 112 pp. 1960. 16*s*.)

This singularly arid little book inevitably begs questions about the functions of criticism and the qualifications of critics. Profesor Raphael is a political and social theorist, and writes here, he says, as a philosopher. He disarmingly admits that his knowledge of the drama is limited, but the reader will soon discover that the limitation belongs not so much to his knowledge of the drama as to his understanding of its real nature and purpose. He is not of course the first don who has delighted to discuss the drama so impertinently as to give us the curious impression that it is an abstract matter, never in any real sense experienced, whether in the study or the theatre: Professor Raphael almost entirely ignores the fact that the drama deals with persons and their situations, and that in it — and in tragedy especially — character is destiny. His publishers tell us that he offers us "a new theory of Tragedy, as a conflict between two forms of the sublime," human heroism

and overwhelming power, and we are glad to know both that this *is* a new theory of tragedy, and that the propounding of it was Professor Raphael's intention here; for his erudition often obscures his argument.

The fact is that he fails to illumine the nature of tragedy by more than an occasional glimmer. If on the other hand we think (for example) of the light thrown upon tragedy and the drama in general by Granville-Barker, who was a man of the theatre and a dramatist, and on dramatic character by Mr. J. B. Priestley (who has the same qualifications) in a recent essay on "What Happened to Falstaff," we cannot but question whether criticism of the precisely academic and bleakly intellectual kind may properly be applied to the drama at all. Professor Raphael's book can have only one useful effect: to send us back to the dramatists he discusses, who used the concrete terms of the human predicament rather than the abstract ones of moral and philosophic theory.

R. H. WARD

Ballads and Tales of Assam. By PRAPHULLADATTA GOSWAMI. (Department of Publication, University of Gauhati. 252 pp. 1960. Rs. 10.00)

This volume was originally designed as a thesis for the D.PHIL. degree of the University of Gauhati. In its pages, Dr. Goswami has gathered together with scholarly care a vast assortment of old ballads and *märchen* of Assam and has also analyzed them and indexed the *motifs* of a great many of them. He was faced with very different problems from those which confront the student of more sophisticated types of literature, and there is ample evidence that he has discharged his responsibilities in an excellent way. His wide reading in the folklore traditions of the different parts of the world has enabled him to heighten the value of his monograph by apposite comparisons. He refers, of course, to folklore in other parts of India, but perhaps more comparisons with indigenous matter would have been interesting.

The formidable array of references placed between chapters may be usual and relevant in an academic work but appears a trifle pedantic in a book meant for the common reader as well as for the scholar.

It would perhaps have been in order if the author had added a postscript to show the influence of folk literature upon different forms of modern Assamese literature.

A book published under the imprint of a University should have been edited with more care. One finds sad printing mistakes, not noticed even in the errata.

DILIP KUMAR SEN

VARADARAJA'S *Gīrvāṇapadamañjarī* and DHUNDIRAJA'S *Gīrvāṇavāṅmañjarī*. Edited with an Introduction by UMAKANT PREMCHAND SHAH. (Oriental Institute, Baroda. 38+86 pp. 1960. Rs. 6.00)

We have here a critical edition of two small primers, as it were, in Sanskrit, attempting, through easy dialogues, to make Sanskrit teaching neither boring nor laborious. The first is the work of Varadarāja, a grammarian, and the second of Dhuṇḍirāja, a polymath. Both these Brahmin authors were residents of Banaras in the seventeenth century. The dialogues, full of local colour and detail, relate to the routine daily life of a Brahmin household, from morning till evening. The authors have cleverly included full vocabularies on food recipes and places of pilgrimage, flora and fauna, and provincial habits, both good and bad. Despite the limited range of vocabulary, the works

have a historical interest as indigenous experiments in teaching Sanskrit by the direct method.

To the student of Sociology too, there is matter of interest here; he can get a peep into the life of an orthodox Brahmin family three hundred years ago. The vein of subtle — sometimes even coarse — humour underlying the dialogues is indeed interesting; and the learned editor has given us a very elaborate and exhaustive study of all these aspects in his lengthy Introduction (86 pp.) by freely drawing upon literary sources far beyond his limited text.

The text is carefully edited and the Introduction has wide general appeal. We hope that this work will find a place in all school and college libraries.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

Studies in Indian Cultural History. Vol. II. By P. K. GODE. (P. K. Gode Studies, Vol. V. Professor P. K. Gode Collected Works Publication Committee, Poona. v+293 pp. 1960. Rs. 25.00)

This volume presents several research articles on various subjects, such as firearms, mounted bowmen, the stirrup, the sling, Shivaji's *Bhavāni* sword, the *Bhagvā Zendā* (Saffron Standard), the bullock cart, the nose ornament *nath* and *Divāli*. One guest article by Professor R. T. S. Miller of Wilson College, Bombay, on "The Nose-ring in the Old Testament" appears here to complete the series on the subject. Professor Gode has taken great pains to go to the remote sources of the origin of the subject treated.

The articles comprise literary, historical and cultural topics and, as expected, present before us all the data, both Indian and foreign, in every sphere bearing on the subjects, in the thorough, precise and comprehensive manner characteristic of Professor Gode. Several articles on the same subject are given so as to present before the reader a complete landscape of the particular problem.

The articles on the *Divāli* festival trace it to about A.D. 50; but it could be much more ancient and further research may trace it further back. No doubt the article is the fruit of long and patient work, but, as Professor Gode himself points out in the concluding portion of the book, there is scope for further research.

This volume is the fifth volume in the Gode Studies series and is published by the kind and appreciative efforts of Professor Gode's learned friends and brother scholars. Extensive and elaborate indices are provided at the end of the book, which naturally enhance the reference value of the volume. The book is neatly presented and is sure to be of great help and value to research students and scholars in general.

S. K. JHAVERI

[WE REGRET having to subjoin the sad news of Dr. Gode's passing away on May 28th, 1961, since this review was written. Dr. Gode was an esteemed friend of THE ARYAN PATH and contributed many times to its pages.—ED.]

The Tide of Learning: The Aloka Experience. Incorporating a Study Carried Out Under the Unesco System of Associated Youth Enterprises. By R. P. LYNTON. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. x+230 pp. 1960. 25*s*.)

The clue to the understanding of this difficult but rewarding book is best found at the end (p. 215 ff.) where the author lists and describes his failures, those in whom the Aloka experience makes no significant difference. From this may be better judged what Aloka (first in Ceylon but now in Mysore) is attempting to do in the training or, perhaps, releasing of

leaders. Mr. Lynton has wide experience in the field of management and human relations. But his gifts have, it seems, nowhere been better used than in the training of young administrators who shall be adequate to meet the social change and development, especially in the nations of Africa and Asia.

The first and larger part of the book describes what happens in a typical three-months course — a process by which to set free the capacities of the members through understanding and to strengthen them through practice. Here the emphasis is on the learners and much use is made of the transcripts of discussion, revealing both purpose and persons. The latter chapters deal with what the courses mean to the teachers — what they attempt to do in interaction with the members, the problems discussed among themselves, and the manner in which experience, in the Aloka sense, is the process of becoming expert by experiment.

But let not the reader think that the Aloka faculty regards the members of the courses as the raw material of a technique. Nothing could be further from the truth. As one marvels at the patience with which stubbornness and folly are met, one remembers that democracy never takes the shortest line between two points, but often has to be willing to travel a long way round in order to arrive. If genius be an infinite capacity for taking pains, we shall find it here.

If a look at Aloka's failures be the clue to understanding its purpose, how is success to be measured?

> The fruits [says the author] are people better able and more inclined to learn and to keep on learning in the area of effective, satisfying relationships with others and with themselves, in their families, at work, and in their moments of reflective solitude; and in their communities, the villages and towns; and also on the larger planes of regional, national and international affairs.

It is to be hoped that the warmth of the reception given to the account of a fine experiment will be reflected in the good will and desire to emulate which it engenders.

MARCUS WARD

Life, More Life. By DIWAN CHAND SHARMA. (Blackie and Son (India), Ltd. 139 pp. 1960. Rs. 2.00)

This book is a collection of essays on subjects which may be regarded as amplifying and complementary to the education now given in higher secondary and multi-purpose schools. In twelve chapters the author gives sound advice on such matters as the cultivation of physical fitness; the cultivation of mental fitness through wide reading, careful thought, and the training of the senses; the cultivation of the use of the hands, based on the ideal that every schoolchild should be a "handyman," able to make and mend things; the cultivation of self-expression through the written and spoken word; the cultivation of aptitudes and skills, and how to tackle the problem of "What shall I be?"; the cultivation of hobbies and the wise use of leisure; and, lastly, training for citizenship, and what constitutes the "well-bred man."

All this good advice is undoubtedly very badly needed in modern India, where too often anything not immediately concerned with the passing of examinations is forthwith rejected. Yet, strangely, the author completely overlooks the greatest need of modern Indian youth, the need to be Indian. Almost every reference and quotation the author uses is culled from Western sources. There is scarcely a hint of India's own special contribution to the sum total of human progress, that particular Indian outlook on life that every modern child must know and cultivate if this nation is to live and play its true role in the world. Education for

life for the modern Indian child must take in all that is implied by "all-round living"; but it must be grounded in and ever related to the basic pattern of Indian thought which alone provides the rationale of it all.

IRENE R. RAY

INSIGHT

For countless Ages,
I have dreamt dreams
Within my unconscious
Of shadowy things, of
Spiritual Forms, of
Hidden Energies of Nature —
Active, conscious, vibrant,
In their Purposes,
Transfiguring and transforming
The forms of Life and of
Inert Inconscience in a
Conflagration of Mind and Consciousness.

From the Supreme Seer
Arises
The endless stream of
Objectivity
And the Existentialist Moment
Which projects from within Consciousness
The Images of Reality presented to it:
It paints the multi-dimensional Universe
In dimensions of Space and Time:
It superimposes the world
Of Imagery and Illusion
On the Eternity of Consciousness,
Even as a master-juggler
Creates forms of Perception
And improvises figures of Objectivity and Solidity
By an effort of the Will;
The inner being is thrown into Delight of self-existence,
Into endless contemplation
And self-absorption.

The inner convergence
Of thoughts and perceptions
And of Knowledge, Reason, and Unreason
Energizes the Light of Understanding
And awakens the gods of the Inner Soul,
The symbol of the mighty
Powers of our illumined consciousness,
In perpetual strife and synthesis
Within the silent mosaic of Peace.

I, in mystic introversion,
Descend into the depth of Consciousness
And see
As in a Mirror
The Light of experience and ecstasy
Spouting forth effortlessly, ceaselessly,
From the fount of my inner being.
In the endless stream of Consciousness
The dream-images of Time
Flit and float and
Emerge into the abyss of Illumination
Making of material man
A spiritual Being,
A Titan of Power and Perfection.

Verily the Power of the Supermind
Is the Light of My nature: My
Truth-Consciousness engulfs the Universe in
Supreme Identity:
Let me journey within and
Confront the beauty of Creation in my self-reflection,
Seeing the world infused —
As in a still, calm, expanse of water —
On the movements of my Inner Being.

Let me actualize in the onrush of Life,
In every moment of waking, dream, and sleep,
The Might and Majesty of the Eternal Mind
Creating endless possibilities every instant of Time!

—RAMACHAITANYA

A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, March 28th, 1961.

THE VISITS OF PRIME MINISTER NEHRU to this country to attend the periodical meetings of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers stimulate not only his countrymen who are either settled here or are here on temporary "lease" to carry out specific work but also a large number of English people. The latter eagerly look to an opportunity to meet him and chat with him.

But more recently, in addition to the Britons and the Indians, Prime Minister Nehru is often in demand by a large population of West Indians and other Africans, who have been coming to Britain in considerable numbers either to study or to represent their countries in various fields.

This year was no exception. Those who had the opportunity of watching at close quarters the movements of the various Prime Ministers and the two Presidents, Dr. Nkrumah of Ghana and Field Marshal Ayub Khan of Pakistan, would vouch for the accuracy of my statement that Prime Minister Nehru had to fulfil more public engagements than most of his colleagues. This was partly due to the fact that he is now the seniormost Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, who has a record of having attended all the ten meetings, and partly due to the fact that his matured judgment on many international issues commands respect.

During trying times it has stood gruelling tests. For instance, when India became a Republic, it was Prime Minister Nehru who came to London to tell his colleagues from other parts of the Commonwealth that nevertheless India had no desire to sever her long ties with this family of nations. She wanted to identify herself with the working of the Commonwealth and was desirous of associating herself with the Commonwealth by recognizing the British Sovereign as its head.

The doubting Thomases had told us then that India would be compelled to leave the Commonwealth as a result of her becoming a Republic. But Prime Minister Nehru evolved a formula which made it possible for India not only to remain in the Commonwealth but to contribute to her well-being. Barring a few exceptions, to whom India is like a red rag to a bull, most of the British people and other members of the Commonwealth have realized that India is no drag on the Commonwealth but an asset.

This was in full evidence at the time of the Suez Crisis. Without any bitterness, India, on that occasion, succeeded in using her influence to prevent what at that time seemed certain catastrophe, leading to a third world war. No one then questioned India's motive in telling a fellow member of the Commonwealth, Britain, that the policy that she had followed in trying to "bring Nasser to his knees" did not commend itself to the Asian and African peoples. It was a foolish policy that would lead the world to a war which no one wanted. In course of time the misgivings that were created in British minds about India's action on that occasion made room for better understanding between the two peoples.

At the latest meeting of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers, the Indian Prime Minister had again a key rôle to play. He came to London not to shout from the housetops how India detested the racial policies of South Africa, as some of his colleagues had done, but to give a lead to his other colleagues so that the cancer of apartheid could be removed painlessly before it began to sap the vitality of the whole Commonwealth.

Again there were many in London who had felt that the Indian Prime Minister during the first few days of

the Lancaster House meeting was showing signs of his age and was not interested in bringing South Africa to her senses. But now it is history that Prime Minister Nehru had behind the closed doors of the Lancaster House given a lead to his Asian and African colleagues to assert that apartheid would lead to the shrinking of the Commonwealth. Dr. Nkrumah of Ghana and the Prime Minister of Nigeria followed the Indian Prime Minister in stating that if the Commonwealth was to be saved for the good of mankind the essential thing that ought to be done immediately was to disown apartheid.

And apartheid was disowned not only by the Asian and African statesmen but also by the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand and Canada. It must be remembered that the so-called "White" members of the Commonwealth, the four English-speaking countries, were represented at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Meeting by Governments which are Conservative. No one can say that the decision arrived at, namely to criticize South Africa's racial policies, was only the result of "socialist" thinking by the other Prime Ministers. Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Menzies, Mr. Holyoake and Mr. Diefenbacker are known Conservatives. It can never be said that they swayed to the socialist tune of Nehru and Nkrumah.

At the public meetings which Prime Minister Nehru addressed in London, Oxford and Edinburgh, he stressed the importance of Commonwealth unity and reminded his audiences that so long as South Africa pursued policies which treated the people of Asia and Africa as serfs and destroyed human values there would be perpetual internecine struggle in the Commonwealth. That would not contribute to the creation of better order in the world. He regretted that South Africa's Prime Minister could not persuade himself at least to modify his racial policies. He therefore accepted the withdrawal of South Africa from the Commonwealth as a measure of relief without any sense of elation. That was also the feeling of the other Prime Ministers because, as Mr. Harold Macmillan said in Port of Spain, apartheid was not Christian and was not an instrument to create better understanding between the so-called black and white races of the world.

By the departure of South Africa the Commonwealth has once again become a vital dynamic thing which can ultimately face problems worse than apartheid. As the Indian Prime Minister said at the London airport, it will be a good thing if changes occur, leading to the return of South Africa to the Commonwealth fold. No one has a grouse against South Africa or her people. The Commonwealth disowns the policies of the present South African Government, led by Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd, which is completely out of date in the modern world.

SUNDER KABADI

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

A disturbing trend of today is the increased experimentation with the drugs — mescalin (cactus peyote), psilocybin (the magic mushroom), lysergic acid — that open the consciousness and perception to the, as yet, unknown territory, the psychic plane interpenetrating the physical. With alcohol and the drugs of addiction the frontier is also crossed, but the dangers and damage are more immediately apparent. There are also "religious" cults such as *Subud,* whose techniques aim at *latihan* "opening," to visions, ecstasy, etc., and ill-understood Zen, whose followers speak of the "enlightenment" of *satori* (though Eastern exponents declare Westerners mainly fail to grasp real Zen). The whirling dervishes of the Middle East achieve their strange trance condition through dance; and it may be noted that according to a letter from Renée Haynes (*Journal of the Society for Psychical Research,* March 1961) " 'out of the body' experiences ... seem to be common in racing motorists at high speeds." The growing preoccupation with the postures and breathing exercises of *hatha yoga,* combined with alarming ignorance of its nature, seem part also of the picture.

One grave danger lies in regarding such visionary experiences as mystical or spiritual. Indeed, Aldous Huxley and others suggest that the chemical method may be a short cut to replace the arduous discipline and steady selfless purpose associated with those who seek to lead the life of the free spirit.

R. H. Ward (see his book, *A Drug-Taker's Notes,* reviewed in THE ARYAN PATH, August 1957) cut short his experiments with lysergic acid when he realized that the right price has to be paid for self-knowledge. Trespass may bring ruin, and the value of the outer-world contacts is their impact on our capacity for compassion. "The point of departure" is the normal waking consciousness.

Arthur Koestler (*Sunday Telegraph,* March 12th, 1961) makes much the same point in "Return Trip to Nirvana," describing his experiments with the magic mushroom. He, too, recognized that the nature of the experience was determined by the mood and mental attitude when taking the drug. Others had euphoric results, but he found, being then depressed and anxious, the usual "heightening of the intensity and emotional significance of perceptions" overlaid by evil phantasms of horror. He is convinced that, whether frightening or gratifying, such thrills are "confidence tricks played on one's own nervous system." He disagrees with the belief that such drugs "will provide artists, writers or aspiring mystics with new insights and revelations of a transcendental nature." The examples taken from the investigators' files of writing by well-known authors while under the influence (or shortly afterwards) might well have come from a mental hospital's case reports. In all the file,

> not a single item contains anything of artistic merit or of theoretical value; and the drug-induced productions were all far beneath the writers' normal standards.

A second experiment, and the reactions upon another participant, left him feeling that "this pressure-cooker mysticism seemed the ultimate profanation."

Now this "land of Faery," the psychic or astral plane interpenetrating this one, is known as dangerous in folk

tradition. The physical agents — drugs, alcohol — the physical practices causing disjunction with the body, even disease such as insanity, all open the gates to the innumerable kingdoms of the psychic, but *from below*. Such "opening" brings neither understanding nor mastery. Why should one disregard the Great Teachers who proclaim that the Golden Gate to the realm of true Spirit, which is One, is only opened when the iron bar is lifted, the "knot of the heart," as the Hindu scriptures call it, is unloosed? This knot is "the astringent power of self — of egotism —of the idea of separateness." In the struggle with that the true mystic *becomes*. Then he may perceive truly and control the psychic laws and forces *from above*. No so-called mystical "practices" or physical agents can make him a saint, a sage or a true magician. The glamour and apparently easy results promised by "practices" or drugs are bound to attract growing numbers, and the stand taken by such discriminating thinkers and observers as Ward and Koestler deserves to be warmly supported if the dangers of future psychic mass-infections are to be avoided.

Some religious bodies and charitable organizations are increasingly using the methods of commercial-style publicity, to make themselves better known, *and* to bring in funds. It is true that any cause, however idealistic, still needs adequate financial support to meet material needs, but if such a movement does not pay "the right price" for this, does not awaken a genuine spontaneous heart response through the integrity of its approach, if its appeal assumes the character of high-pressure salesmanship, it will, in the long run, commit moral if not physical suicide. The London *Sunday Times* (March 5th, 1961) notes:—

> Public antagonism towards some fund-raising methods is worrying several charitable organizations, who fear that people may be put off giving to charity generally.

One of the chief controversial methods is the sending out in mass, generally before Christmas, of packets of fancy seals for envelopes and parcels, asking the recipients to donate payment for them, or to return them. Costs are high, wastage is heavy ("It costs roughly £1 to raise £4") but results are apparently remunerative. The other side of the picture is the large crop of letters of protest at this kind of "whitemail," playing not upon bad qualities and wrongdoing, but upon soft hearts and conscience. People are made to feel uncomfortable if they do nothing. But gifts "extorted" in this way have no soul, and, though it is insufficiently recognized, will bring more harm than good. The history of charitable movements over the centuries furnishes examples of this.

The General Secretary of the British Diabetics Association is reported as suggesting

> the formation of a medical charities association which would deal with all donations and distribute them . . . to cut overheads and avoid duplication of effort so that as little money as possible is spent on staffing and organization.

The idea of cutting down unnecessary administrative costs is good, but the centralization of any organization depending on benevolence would depersonalize still further the character of the work, and to that extent make it still less effective, from the real, inner point of view, and less appealing to the public in actual practice. The personal touch counts—

> *personal* exertion for others; *personal* mercy and kindness; *personal* interest in the welfare of those who suffer; *personal* sympathy, forethought and assistance in their troubles or needs. We . . . do not believe in giving money . . . through other people's hands or organizations. We believe in giving to the money a

thousandfold greater power and effectiveness by our personal contact and sympathy with those who need it. (H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Key to Theosophy,* 1889).

It is good, therefore, to hear of the enthusiastic response to President Kennedy's Peace Corps plan for sending young volunteers to help personally in underdeveloped countries, in conditions of mere subsistence. In Great Britain and elsewhere, there are already such groups undertaking active help, at home and abroad, but it is interesting that the Voluntary Service Overseas and International Voluntary Service, two of the best known, find that small teams living with the people they help can be of even greater value, because of the intimate touch, than the large work camps which must, by their very nature, remain somewhat separate. The multiplication of such self-responsible small groups, imbued with the same benevolent aim, has, even if their functions may seem to overlap at times, more to offer than the centralization of charitable organizations into one large over-all system.

Historical inevitability and history's challenge to man to change the course of history were the main points discussed by H.E. Mr. A. K. Brohi, Pakistan High Commissioner in Delhi, in his address to the U.N. Youth Association recently. Speaking on "The Main Currents of Modern History," he pointed out that no words were being used so frequently as "history" and "historical" in sociological contexts today and that the modern man, quite unlike his counterpart of earlier generations, was taking history seriously in the building of his future. According to a report in *The Indian Express,* he said that

> Man today had come to assume an increased moral responsibility in grappling with these problems. The future of the world depended primarily on the way the present paramount problems facing the world were tackled. The attitude adopted to these problems could either make or mar the life of the future generations.

Quoting the words of the noted French philosopher Auguste Comte, Mr. Brohi traced the evolution of humanity through three stages — theological, metaphysical and positive — and affirmed that only by adopting the positive attitude, and by thinking that the future of mankind "was not a closed one but an open one," could man make any constructive contribution to his future.

Mr. Brohi was not, however, oblivious of certain disadvantages in the modern trend, which, denying the inevitability of history, had replaced the earlier concept of the divine right of kings by the divine right of the people; for he added that a country was now no longer considered great because of the number of great men it produced but because of the highest standard of living attained by its people. This trend, Mr. Brohi said, contained some disquieting elements. It laid emphasis on quantity rather than quality and had led to a "desert of uniformity." A growing intolerance to genius was manifested in modern times as a result of this trend. This was unnecessary, since the conflict between quantity and quality was only superficial: he felt that quantitative progress would administer to qualitative advance. He said: "If one would take care of the masses, the geniuses would take care of themselves." He concluded with a reference to the organic character of modern life and moral responsibility to face the future:—

> This meant the increasing inter-dependence of one country on the other. Today no nation could ignore the happenings in the outer world, for, however small these happenings were, sooner or later, they would have serious repercussions throughout the world.

It is a good sign that education in all three stages, primary, secondary and collegiate, has undergone a tremendous expansion in recent years and bids fair to expand further. This is as it should be; for education in a modern society must enjoy a high priority among the concerns of any progressive Government.

The recent announcement by Dr. K. L. Shrimali, Minister of Education, of a comprehensive national scholarship scheme, introduced in the Third Five-Year Plan, to give adequate financial assistance to students of merit for higher education will therefore be widely welcomed not only for its generous nature but also for its democratic basis. The scheme will help the development of merit which may otherwise be denied opportunity owing to the student's economic circumstances. According to a report in *The Hindu*:—

> The National Scholarship Scheme will be primarily meant for students with merit whose parents cannot afford higher education for them. The recipients of these scholarships would be treated as "national scholars." The scheme also envisages giving of scholarships to students with promising merit in the pre-matriculation stage.

This is the first time that such a national scholarship programme is being undertaken and the Education Minister is hopeful that co-operation from non-official agencies will be forthcoming in developing this comprehensive scholarship aid programme. He said:—

> It is my hope that as more resources become available, it will be possible to claim ultimately that no student of promising merit at any stage will be deprived of full educational facilities because of parental poverty.

In addition to the scheme of national scholarships to subsidize talent, Dr. Shrimali also announced his plans for the institution of industrial estates attached to five universities in the country, a Central Board of Education to care for students whose parents are constantly on the move and scholarships for children of the ill-paid teachers in the States. All these proposals conform to the practice prevailing in the progressive countries of the world, and if the schemes have been so late in coming it must be attributed to the perpetual stringency of the country's finances.

There is no doubt that the institution of national scholarships will make education into a legitimate and actual right of all who merit it. In the long run this scheme will help in the process of weeding out the unfits and the misfits and limit education to the deserving. Dr. Shrimali, announcing the various steps to be taken under the Third Five-Year Plan, pointed out that in order

> to provide opportunities to needy students to earn while learning, it had been decided in co-operation with the Ministry of Commerce and Industry to set up industrial estates in five universities — Osmania, Jadhavpur, Rajasthan, Baroda and Allahabad. Industrial institutes were also being attached to rural institutes.

As any enlightened democratic government which is also a welfare State should give education pride of place, it is gratifying to note that the Third Five-Year Plan proposes to devote an impressive amount to education, which has so long been given a Cinderella treatment.

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